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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1785, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with the exception of the Boston Herald, it is the only one printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected literary and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Percy J. Ferry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 18, Knights of Macabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Grandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WAGON, No. 677, Foresters of America—William A. Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butterfield, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss D. M. Dunphy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burbridge, Master Workman; Percy H. Dawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 93, N. E. O. P.—Undley R. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Ellice G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Day, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, O. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley, Mrs. J. A. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 163—Robert B. Munroe, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Board of Aldermen.

The Board of Aldermen has held three meetings this week, at all of which something was found to do. On Monday evening the board met to consider the bills in place of the old finance committee, on Tuesday evening the regular monthly session was held, and on Thursday evening the city pay rolls were presented for approval.

At the session on Monday evening it was reported that no bids had been received from the local banks for supplying the city with \$25,000 for a short time loan for current expenses. This was because of the stringency in the money market and the fact that the banks had use of all the money on hand. The regular monthly bills against the city were carefully scrutinized and a number to which the board objected were referred back to the various departments for further explanation. Included in the number were several which had large charges for labor without itemizing the bills.

The regular monthly meeting of the board was held on Tuesday evening, with all the members present including Alderman Kane who had been abroad for some months. The city bills were again taken up and those that had been referred back at the preceding meeting were considered in their amended form. Where the bills had been properly itemized they were approved. A bill from George H. Young, janitor of the Rogers High School, for \$28.50 for carrying typewriters from the Rogers building to the Townsend building for the use of evening classes was objected to by some of the members on the ground that it was a part of his regular duty and was laid on the table, although it had been approved by the school department.

Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health,	\$1,200.00
Books, Stationery and Printing,	419.30
City Assessor,	50.00
Fire Department,	1,014.40
Incidentals,	81.50
Lighting Streets,	2,862.52
Police and Preserving Records,	18.00
Wires and Cables,	82.00
Town Ministerial and Cemetery Fund,	2.50
Town Jewish Synagogue Fund,	116.00
Burial Grounds,	50.00
Agassiz Fund,	285.00
Dog Fund,	64.00
Public Buildings,	187.24
Public Parks,	16.00
Police,	1,008.81
Public Schools,	11,767.18
Post Department,	427.56
Streets and Highways,	1,604.07
Total,	\$28,012.20

Owing to the fact that there had been no bids received on Monday evening for furnishing money to the city Mayor Clarke had been compelled to make a personal visit to banking institutions to place the loan. He reported that the Newport Trust Company would furnish the money at 5 1/2 per cent, the money being obtained from Providence. The offer was accepted by the board.

There was some talk about public and private dumping grounds and a resolution was passed giving the street commissioner authority to plunk the spiles west of Klug park on Wellington avenue so that the place can be used as a dump. It was voted to call the attention of the inspector of nuisances to the conditions at Hawthorne street where some garbage has been dumped in order that no nuisance may be permitted to exist there.

Various monthly reports were received and a number of licenses for the sale of milk by producers and retail dealers were granted. A petition was received for grading and curbing Carroll avenue but it was stated that there is no money available. A communication in regard to a dangerous tree on Farewell street was referred to the street commissioner to report. A deed from Kate de C. Breckhead for a court through her property on Mary street was referred to the city solicitor for approval. A communication from the Newport Engineering Works in regard to supplying hose for the fire department was referred to the chief engineer.

The condition of the quarters of the Court of Probate was brought up and a resolution was passed directing Alderman Shepley to investigate and report on the cost of any necessary work in the Probate Office or any other part of the City Hall.

At the meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening the weekly pay rolls were approved without much comment, but there were other matters that required longer consideration. There was a long discussion regarding the purchase of hose for the fire department. Chief Kirwin had stated that the kind of hose that he wished could only be secured from the Combination Ladder Company of Providence, but the Newport Engineering Company had protested that they could supply the same goods. Chief Kirwin came before the board and read a letter from the Ladder Company stating that they had no representatives here, and after further discussion the order for the hose was allowed to stand.

The matter of the city cemetery was again brought up and things that needed attention there were discussed. It was thought advisable for the members

of the board to visit the cemetery in the near future and look things over carefully for themselves.

Alderman Shepley as a special committee reported that the offices of the tax collector, city treasurer, probate clerk and city clerk needed renovating and the city clerk was directed to advertise for proposals for doing the work.

Burned to Death.

Mrs. Ellen Parker, wife of Mr. John Parker, was burned to death at her home on Elm street last Saturday evening, her clothes taking fire from some unexplained cause. As there was no one in the house with her at the time of the fatality but her seven-year old son, who was in another room, there will probably never be an accurate explanation of the tragedy.

Saturday evening Mr. Parker went out leaving his wife and small son at home alone. The boy went to bed and a little after 8 o'clock he heard his mother screaming. He rushed into the kitchen and says that his mother was then sitting in a chair with her clothing all on fire. Running out into the street he called for help and when neighbors hurried into the house they found Mrs. Parker on the bed with her clothing nearly all burned off. They hastily extinguished the flames but the woman died almost immediately, being terribly burned. A still alarm was rung and the chemical engine responded but found nothing to do but make sure that the fire in the bed was extinguished.

Mr. Parker was notified of the accident and hurried to his home, where friends had gathered to express their sympathy. He could express no opinion of the cause of the accident as there was no fire in the stove and the one gas jet that was lighted did not seem to offer any particular danger.

Mrs. Parker was in her thirty-ninth year, and had a host of friends. Her husband had been for many years employed at the Old Colony shops as a machinist and is a member of the Representative Council.

A Strike is On.

Newport is at present in the throes of a strike among certain of the building trades and allied industries. Carpenters and upholsterers are out on strike and the plumbers made a demand on the masters which apparently resulted in a compromise whereby the strike was averted.

For some time it had been blated that the union would make demands to the spring and April 1st was set as the date for the beginning of the strike if the demands were not granted. The upholsterers met with refusal except in one shop which granted the demands, and all the others went out. Two master building firms granted the demands of the men but the others refused and the building trade is pretty well tied up. The plumbers have put in a request to the masters but it does not seem likely to be granted.

The principal demand of the men in the various trades is for a Saturday half holiday without loss of pay. Conditions in Newport are somewhat peculiar and the contractors feel that to grant the demand would be a menace to their interests.

The weather of last Sunday was not especially appropriate for Easter, being decidedly cool and cloudy after the unseasonably warm days immediately before. Still it did not storm until evening and the attendance at the special church services was very good. There were large numbers of people on the streets all day but the display of spring costumes was not so marked as it would have been had Easter come later in the season or had the weather been better.

Mrs. John H. Sweet, Sr., and Mrs. Joseph S. Allan spent the Easter holidays in Naples and Rome. They returned to Manchester this week and sail for this country the twenty-sixth of April on steamer Saxonia, arriving in Boston about the fifth of May.

Rev. Nassau S. Stephens preached his first sermon as rector of St. George's Church last Sunday morning. There was a large attendance at the services and special Easter music was rendered by the choir.

Mr. Joseph H. Garnett has returned to New York after spending a few days in this city, guest of his parents, Captain and Mrs. F. B. Garnett.

Dr. John M. Swan of Philadelphia spent the Easter holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Swan, on Central street.

Mr. Hugh Maguire, father of Mr. James H. Maguire, of this city, died at his home in Central Falls Monday morning.

Mr. Archibald C. Sherman and Mr. Abner L. Stocum have gone to Bermuda to spend their vacation.

Mr. Moses Barlow will celebrate the eighty-ninth anniversary of his birth tomorrow (Sunday).

Superior Court.

Monday, April 1, was motion day in the Superior Court, Judge Mumford comprising the bench. There were quite a number of matters brought up and the court had a busy session until nearly one o'clock.

A decree was entered approving the account of J. Truman Burdick as trustee and allowing him as his fee the balance in his hands after the completion of the house. There was some talk over the matter of the plaintiff's deposition in the case of L. Edward Jenkins vs. R. E. Darrah, the court taking the papers and decision reserved. The Thiverton divorce case of John Henry Paul vs. Annie Paul was heard on plaintiff's request for an allowance for expenses of her defense. An interpreter had to be used as English was somewhat uncertain. The allowance was \$25 for counsel fees and \$10 for witness fees. Final decree was entered in the case of Manuel D. Silvia vs. Mary D. Silvia.

In Pemberton Haire Powel vs. The Peckham Company et al. counsel for defense moved to dismiss the case as the papers were not properly served. The sheriff and Deputy King are among the defendants and the papers were served by the city sergeant. The court took the papers in the case. The plaintiff claims to be the owner of some of the property sold by the sheriff to satisfy claims against Philip Dowling. William B. Greenough, attorney general vs. Francis S. Barker et al., is a request for an accounting under the will of John Clarke, dated 1870. The present assigns are Francis S. Barker, Augustus S. Greene and Erasmus Clarke. It is claimed that the money has not been used in the way provided for in the will. It is claimed that the income has been devoted to the First Baptist Church, while the will provides that it is to be used for the relief of the poor. The defense claimed that the use of the income had been disposed of in the same way for 200 years and they supposed it was right, following long established custom. The plaintiff wanted an accounting for at least 20 years. The court took the papers.

Thursday morning the body of Quartermaster J. J. Branigan of Fort Greble was found in the ship at the west ferry, Jamestown. He belonged to the Seventy-second Company of Coast Artillery and had been missing since February. The condition in which the body was found, clinging to one of the spiles of the ship, indicates that the man fell overboard and was frozen to death while supporting his head above the water to keep from drowning. Sergeant Branigan had an excellent record in the service and had but six months of his enlistment to serve at the time he disappeared.

The annual inspection of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., took place on Wednesday evening, the inspecting officer being R. W. O. I. Litchfield, Deputy Grand Commander, with a board of grand officers. There were several high officers present from other commanderies in the jurisdiction and Godfrey de Bouchillon Commandery of Fall River sent down a delegation of about twenty-five. There was a remarkably large attendance of members of Washington Commandery. A fine collation was served and a general social time was enjoyed.

Mrs. Maude E., widow of Mr. Charles E. Jepson, died suddenly at the Linfield Cottage on Mt. Vernon street on Friday of last week. She had been out during the day and appeared to be in her usual health. Funeral services were held from the Zabriskie Memorial church Tuesday morning, Rev. C. F. Beattie officiating. The remains were taken to Pomfret, Conn., for burial. She was a sister of Rev. Dr. Gilliat and Mrs. Gilliat.

Dr. John H. Sweet, Jr., was taken suddenly ill at his home Tuesday night and the next morning was taken to the Reynolds Hospital where Dr. Darrah performed an operation for appendicitis. Dr. Sweet was found to be in a very bad condition and the operation was regarded as very serious. He passed a more comfortable night Thursday and was reported as doing as well as could be expected Friday afternoon.

Mr. Augustus Hazard Swan severed his connection as choirmaster of Emmanuel church on Sunday and was presented with a hammered brass desk set by the members of the choir. He enters upon his duties at Trinity church on Sunday.

Master Edward Holloway, son of Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Holloway, spent his Easter vacation with his aunt, Mrs. Cornelius Brooks, in New York.

Mrs. Maud A. C. Gifford, Miss Edith Y. Babcock, Miss Ethel Potter and Miss Daisy Gleason spent their Easter vacation in Washington.

Mrs. Thomas H. Allen of Providence is guest of Mrs. John H. Sweet, Jr., on Spring street.

Army and Navy Bazaar.

The bazaar held in Masonic hall on Monday and Tuesday for the benefit of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. was liberally patronized and a goodly sum was realized. The hall was attractively decorated with palms, boxes of paper tulips and tiny electric lights. Miss Yardley had charge of the shooting gallery, assisted by Miss Ennis, Mr. H. W. H. Powell, Mrs. Shafter Howard and several others; tannade booth, Mrs. Gleaves and Mrs. Selgried; variety booth, Mrs. Derby, assisted by Mrs. Morley, Mrs. H. E. Webster, Mrs. Farr, and Mrs. Willard; candy booth, Mrs. Walter N. Eldridge; fish pond, Mrs. Lyman C. Josephs and Mrs. H. W. H. Powell, assisted by Masters Roswell Josephs and Bradford Norman, Jr., and Misses Natalie and Dorothy Willard, Evelina Gleaves, Ruth Thomas, Barbara Norman and others. A fortune telling booth was one of the attractions, many people visiting this booth to learn something of the future.

During the afternoon tea was served in charge of Mrs. Ennis, and in the evening supper from six to eight in charge of Mrs. C. M. Thomas. The Fort Adams and Training Station bands furnished music and there was dancing for the young people.

Dr. Horace P. Beck acted as treasurer of the bazaar.

The funeral of Mr. Dudley Newton took place from the Congregational Church Monday afternoon and was attended by a large gathering of representative citizens. Rev. James Austin Richards, pastor of the church, officiated, the service being of a short but impressive nature. The bearers were Messrs. August McLeod, Joseph P. Cotton, A. Russell Manchester, Peter King, Fred M. Hammett and Robert C. Cottrell. The burial was private.

Rev. Charles A. Stouhouse, who has been pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in this city for the past four years, has been selected for the position of president of the East Greenwich Academy, one of the leading educational institutions of the State. His many friends in Newport will greatly regret his departure as it had been hoped that he would remain in his present pastorate for another year.

The Newport Yacht club held a very enjoyable members' night Thursday evening with a large attendance. Professional talent was brought down from Boston to give a vaudeville entertainment and Mr. J. Frank Albrow sang several selections. Refreshments were served during the evening and it was a late hour when the gathering broke up.

Street Commissioner Sullivan has begun the spring work on the streets. The steam rollers are out and a quantity of crushed stone has been distributed in places where it seemed to be urgently needed. A force of men are engaged in re-setting the cross walks on Thames street, a thing that has been badly needed for some time.

The submarine torpedo boat Lake arrived in Newport Harbor this week and is expected to remain here for the comparative test with the submarine of the Holland design. The Lake is the latest product of the inventor and comprises a number of new ideas. Just when the government tests will be held is not known.

Newport is again a naval station of flag rank. Rear Admiral John P. Merrell, commandant of the second naval district, returned to Newport on Thursday and his flag was raised on the Reha Mercedes. His promotion followed the death of Rear Admiral Tilley.

Mr. Charles White died at the Newport Hospital on Wednesday. He was an engineer for many years, but recently had been in the employ of the highway department. Funeral services were held at Trinity Church on Thursday, Rev. Stanley C. Hughes officiating.

The entertainment committee of the Newport Artillery Company are making elaborate arrangements for their annual dinner and reunion of the active, fine and honorary members of the company at the Armory on Monday evening, April 29th.

Mr. Roderick McLeod, son of Mr. and Mrs. Angus McLeod, was operated on at the Newport Hospital this week for appendicitis. The operation was entirely successful and the patient is making rapid progress toward recovery.

The corner stone of the new convent of the Cenacle which is being built at the corner of Second and Battery streets was laid on Thursday with appropriate ceremonies.

The condition of Col. George E. Vernon, who has been very seriously ill for some time, shows little change.

Rev. William B. Meenan will shortly sail abroad, visiting Rome. The trip will be for the benefit of his health.

Middletown.

ANNUAL TOWN MEETING.—There was a full attendance and continuous voting at the annual Town Meeting held on Wednesday. William L. Brown presided as Moderator and the polls were kept open until half past four o'clock. The two parties who had made nominations for the several town offices were active throughout the day, inducing voters to support their candidates, each apparently expecting to win. The Republicans counted on several defections in the ranks of their opponents, but the Citizens Association seemed thoroughly welded and elected all the officers for which it made nominations. A ballot was taken for every office excepting Justice of the Peace, Town Clerk, Town Treasurer, Auctioneers and Fence Viewers, and resulted as follows:

For Moderator—William L. Brown, Cit., 155; Lewis R. Manchester, Rep., 90. Plurality for Brown, 30.
For Town Council—No. 1, Joshua Coggeshall, Cit., 142; Lewis R. Manchester, Rep., 97. Plurality for Coggeshall, 45. No. 2, Philip Caswell, Cit., 141; Henry C. Sherman, Rep., 97. Plurality for Caswell, 44. No. 3, Arthur W. Chase, Cit., 142; Harry E. Peckham, Rep., 97. Plurality for Chase, 45. No. 4, William R. Hunter, Cit., 140; James H. Barker, Rep., 96. Plurality for Hunter, 44. No. 5, John H. Peckham, Cit., 140; Joseph A. Peckham, Rep., 92. Plurality for John H. Peckham, 48.

Public School Committee—Edith Norman Hunter, Cit., 141; Philip A. Peckham, Cit., 139; Joel Peckham, Rep., 96; Nathaniel L. Champlin, Jr., Rep., 91.

Town Sergeant—Thomas G. Ward, Cit., 158; John D. Blay, Rep., 103. Plurality for Ward 15.

Assessors of Taxes on Citizens' Ticket—Isaac L. Sherman, 138; Alden T. Barker, 139; William S. Coggeshall, 138; James Willis Peckham, 139; John H. Oxx, 138. On Republican Ticket—1, Lincoln Sherman, 97; Stephen B. Congdon, 99; James H. Barker, 100; John H. Spooner, 98; J. Overton Peckham, 100.

For Collector of Taxes—Alton F. Coggeshall, Cit., 121; Joel Peckham, Rep., 103. Plurality for Coggeshall 18.
Town Auditors, on Citizens' Ticket—William L. Brown, 130; John E. Wheeler, 130; Robert W. Smith, 129. On Republican Ticket—A. Herbert Ward, 95; Reuben W. Peckham, 96; Percy T. Bailey, 94.

Cemetery Committee, on Citizens' Ticket—Charles Peckham, 121; Joseph L. Chase, 120; Robert E. Grinnell, 121. On Republican Ticket—Charles Peckham, 70; George Peabody, 75; Henry C. Sherman, Jr., 74.

There were four propositions voted on in addition to town officers, two being in relation to highways, one in relation to a new school-house in the Witherbee district, and one providing a building for housing road machines and repairing horse sheds. All were adopted by large majorities.

The first proposition, giving an appropriation of \$2,000 for ordinary repair of highway, received 184 votes in its favor with only seven against it.

The second proposition, appropriating \$5,000 for building and repairing stone road, had 124 votes in the affirmative with only 18 in the negative.

The third proposition appropriating \$3,500 for building a school house obtained 122 votes in its favor with 9 against it.

The fourth proposition appropriating \$300 for a building for retaining the road machines received 110 votes in its favor and there were 19 votes cast against it.

The Town Treasurer reported loans to the amount of \$10,000 and he was authorized to increase the amount if necessary to \$30,000. There was an unsuccessful attempt made to increase the rate of town tax to 65 cents on each \$100, but 60 cents was finally adopted.

Joel Peckham, of the Public School Committee, reported a deficiency in the school fund for continuing the schools until May 1, occasioned by the burning of the Witherbee school-house and other unforeseen causes. It was accordingly voted to appropriate \$400 extra to meet this deficiency.

The regular appropriation for the maintenance of public schools for the year beginning May 1 was put at \$4,500, and \$400 was appropriated for the care of the Middletown Cemetery. The list of appropriations aggregated \$18,300.

The full list of town officers elected comprised the following:
Moderator—William L. Brown.
Town Clerk—Albert L. Chase.
Town Council and Overseers of the Poor—Joshua Coggeshall, Philip Caswell, Arthur W. Chase, William R. Hunter and John H. Peckham.

Justices of the Peace—Ellis C. Peckham, Nathan B. Brown, Joseph R. Coggeshall and Edward M. Pezka.
Public School Committee—Edith Norman Hunter and Philip A. Brown.
Town Treasurer—Charles H. Ward.
Town Sergeant—Thomas G. Ward.
Auctioneers—Richard H. Wheeler, Jr., Ellisha A. Peckham and William V. Hart.

Assessors of Taxes—Isaac L. Sherman, Alden T. Barker, William S. Coggeshall, James Willis Peckham and John H. Oxx.

Collector of Taxes—Alton F. Coggeshall.

Fence Viewers—Ellisha C. Peckham, William J. C. Chase and Ashton C. Barker.

Town Auditors—William L. Brown, John E. Wheeler and Robert W. Smith.
Cemetery Committee—Charles Peckham, Joseph L. Chase and Robert E. Grinnell.

As a Committee to have the charge and oversight of the building of the new school-house on the corner of Green End avenue and Valley road, A. Herbert Ward, Fillmore Coggeshall and Dennis J. Murphy were appointed.

Mr. Isaac B. Bailey, who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. M. J. Bailey, on Bull street, has returned to New York.

The Newport Friday Club held its annual meeting Friday evening.

Mrs. Mary L. Ives of this city has returned from Europe.

Local Matters.

An Amusement Park.

There was a meeting of citizens at the Builders & Merchants Exchange on Thursday evening for the purpose of talking over plans for a recreation park. It was set forth that Newport would like to have a base ball ground for the entertainment of local residents and summer visitors and the best method of bringing this about was the subject for discussion. One suggestion was to form an organization with membership fees, but a proposition came from the Newport Amusement Association to assume entire responsibility provided that enough stock in the concern be disposed of to pay for the first expense of preparing the accommodations on the field. This impressed the gathering very favorably and it was decided to take up this offer and go ahead at once with the raising of money for the field. It is thought that \$2,500 will be enough to start with and if this proves a success the scope of the park may be extended.

Some of the backers of the old Newport team of the New England League have expressed an interest in the matter and a willingness to take stock in the enterprise. There seems to be no reason why Newport should not see some good base ball during the coming summer.

Malbone Lodge.

The regular meeting of Malbone Lodge, No. 93, N. E. O. P., was held Thursday evening in MERCURY Hall. The reports of the various officers were read and approved and considerable new business acted upon. At the close of the meeting a whist was held for members and their friends.

Mr. Dudley E. Campbell, warden of the lodge, addressed the gathering, briefly setting forth the purposes of the order and urging all to become members in order to secure the benefits therefrom.

It was 9 o'clock when whist was started and the last hand was called at 11. The first prizes were won by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Shown; the second prizes were awarded to Mrs. A. G. Ferrell and Mr. Charles E. Thigley. There was a tie on the lady's second prize between Mrs. Ferrell and Mrs. Martin E. Brown, the former winning in cutting. Mrs. Brown received the third prize. The gentleman's third prize was awarded to Mr. Frederick C. Gurnett.

Light refreshments were served and a very pleasant evening enjoyed by all present.

The Prisoner of Zenda

By... ANTHONY HOPE

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CHAPTER XV.

RURITANIA is not in England, or the quarrel between Duke Michael and myself could not have gone on, with the remarkable incidents which marked it. Without more public notice being directed to it. Duels were frequent among all the upper classes, and private quarrels between great men kept the old habit of spreading to their friends and dependents. Nevertheless, after the affair which I have just related, such reports began to circulate that I felt it necessary to be on my guard.

The death of the gentlemen involved could not be hidden from their relatives. I issued a stern order declaring that dueling had attained unprecedented license (the chancellor drew up the document for me, and very well he did it), and forbidding it save in the gravest cases. I sent a public and stately apology to Michael, and he returned a deferential and courteous reply to me, for one point of union was—and it underlay all our differences—and induced an unwilling harmony between our actions—that we could neither of us afford to throw our cards on the table. He, as well as I, was a "play actor," and, hating one another, we combined to dupe public opinion. Unfortunately, however, the necessity for concealment involved the necessity of delay. The king might die in his prison or even be spirited off somewhere else. It could not be helped. For a little while I was compelled to observe a truce, and my only consolation was that Flavia most warmly approved of my edict against dueling, and when I expressed delight at having won her favor, she said, in her favor were any motive to me, to prohibit the practice altogether.

"Well, till we are married," said I, smiling.

Not the least peculiar result of the truce and of the secrecy which dictated it was that the town of Zenda became, in the daytime, I would not have trusted far to its protection by night—a sort of neutral zone, where both parties could safely go, and I, riding down one day with Flavia and Sapt, had an encounter with an acquaintance which presented a ludicrous side, but was at the same time embarrassing. As I rode along I met a disguised looking person driving in a two-horsed carriage. He stopped his horses, got out and approached me, bowing low. I recognized the head of the Strelnau police.

"Your majesty's ordinance as to dueling is receiving our best attention," he assured me.

If the best attention involved his presence in Zenda, I resolved at once to dispense with it.

"Is that what brings you to Zenda, prefect?" I asked.

"Why, no, sire. I am here because I desired to oblige the British ambassador."

"What's the British ambassador doing dans cette galere?" said I carelessly.

"A young countryman of his, sire—a man of some position—is missing. His friends have not heard from him for two months, and there is reason to believe that he was last seen in Zenda. Flavia was paying little attention. I dared not look at Sapt.

"What reason?"

"A friend of his in Paris, a certain M. Featherby, has given us information which makes it possible that he came here, and the officials of the railway recollect his name on some luggage."

"What was his name?"

"Rassendyll, sire," he answered, and I saw that the name meant nothing to him. But, glancing at Flavia, he lowered his voice as he went on: "It is thought that he may have followed a lady here. Has your majesty heard of a certain Mme. de Mauban?"

"Why, yes," said I, my eye involuntarily traveling toward the castle. "He arrived in Ruritania about the same time as this Rassendyll."

I caught the prefect's glance. He was regarding me with inquiry writ large on his face.

"Sapt," said I, "I must speak a word to the prefect. Will you ride on a few paces with the princess?" And I added to the prefect, "Come, sir, what do you mean?"

He drew close to me, and I bent in the saddle.

"If he were in love with the lady," he whispered, "nothing has been heard of him for two months." And this time it was the eye of the prefect which traveled toward the castle.

"Yes, the lady is there," I said quietly. "But I don't suppose Mr. Rassendyll is that the name?"

"The duke," he whispered, "does not like rivals, sire."

"You're right there," said I, with all sincerity. "But surely you hint at a very grave charge."

He spread his hands out in apology. I whispered in his ear:

"This is a grave matter. Go back to Strelnau."

"But, sire, if I have a clow here?"

"Go back to Strelnau," I repeated. "Tell the ambassador that you have a clow, but that you must be left alone for a week or two. Meanwhile I'll charge myself with looking into the matter."

"The ambassador is very pressing, sire."

"You must quiet him. Come, sir, you see that if your suspicions are correct it is an affair in which we must move with caution. We can have no scandal. Mind you return tonight."

He promised to obey me, and I rode on to rejoin my companions, a little cooler in my mind. Inquiries after me must be stopped at all hazards for a week or two, and this clever official had come surprisingly near the truth.

His impression might be useful some day, but if he acted on it now it might mean the worst to the king. Hearty did I curse George Featherby for not holding his tongue.

"Well," asked Flavia, "have you finished your business?"

"Most satisfactorily," said I. "Come, shall we turn round? We are almost trenching on my brother's territory."

We were, in fact, at the extreme end of the town, just where the hill begins to mount toward the castle. We cast our eyes up, admiring the massive beauty of the old walls, and we saw a carriage winding slowly down the hill. On it came.

"Let us go back," said Sapt.

"I should like to stay," said Flavia, and I reined my horse beside hers.

We could distinguish the approaching party now. There came first two mounted servants in black uniforms, relieved only by a silver badge. These were followed by a car drawn by four horses. On it, under a heavy pall, lay a coffin. Behind it rode a man in plain black clothes, carrying his hat in his hand. Sapt uncovered, and we stood waiting, Flavia keeping by me and laying her hand on my arm.

"It is one of the gentlemen killed in the quarrel, I expect," she said.

I beckoned to a groom.

"Hide and ask whom they escort," I ordered.

He rode up to the servants, and I saw him pass on to the gentleman who rode behind.

"It's Rupert of Hentzau," whispered Sapt.

Rupert it was, and directly afterward, waving to the procession to stand still, Rupert trotted up to me. He was in a frock coat, tightly buttoned, and trousers. He wore an aspect of sadness, and he bowed with profound respect. Yet suddenly he smiled, and I smiled, too, for old Sapt's hand lay in his left breast pocket, and Rupert and I both guessed what lay in the hand inside the pocket.

"Your majesty asks whom we escort," said Rupert. "It is my dear friend Albert of Lauengram."

"Sir," said I, "no one regrets the unfortunate affair more than I. My ordinance, which I mean to have obeyed, is witness to it."

"Poor fellow!" said Flavia softly, and I saw Rupert's eyes flash at her, whereat I grew red, for if I had my way Rupert Hentzau should not have deigned her by so much as a glance. Yet he did it and dared to let admiration be seen in his look.

"Your majesty's words are gracious," he said. "I grieve for my friend, yet, sire, others must soon lie as he lies now."

"It is a thing we all do well to remember, my lord," I rejoined.

"Even kings, sire," said Rupert in a moralizing tone, and old Sapt swore softly by his side.

"It is true," said I. "How fares my brother, my lord?"

"He is better, sire."

"I am rejoiced."

"He hopes soon to leave for Strelnau, when his health is secured."

"He is only convalescent, then?"

"There remains one or two small troubles," answered the insolent fellow in the mildest tone in the world.

"Express my earnest hope," said Flavia, "that they may soon cease to trouble him."

"Your royal highness' wish is humbly my own," said Rupert, with a bold glance that brought a blush to Flavia's cheek.

I bowed, and Rupert, bowing lower, backed his horse and signed to his party to proceed. With a sudden impulse I rode after him. He turned swiftly, fearing that even in the presence of the dead and before a lady's eyes I meant mischief.

"You fought as a brave man the other night," I said. "Come, you are young, sir. If you will deliver your prisoner alive to me you shall come to no hurt."

He looked at me with a mocking smile, but suddenly he rode nearer to me.

"I'm unarmed," he said, "and our old Sapt there could pick me off in a minute."

"I'm not afraid," said I.

"No, curse you!" he answered. "Look here, I made you a proposal from the duke once."

"I'll hear nothing from Black Michael," said I.

"Then hear one from me." He lowered his voice to a whisper. "Attack the castle boldly. Let Sapt and Tarlenheim lead."

"Go on," said I.

"Arrange the time with me."

"I have such confidence in you, my lord!"

"Tut! I'm talking business now. Sapt there and Fritz will fail; Black Michael will fail."

"What?"

"Black Michael will fail, like the dog he is; the prisoner, as you call him, will go by Jacob's ladder—ab, you know that? Two men will be left—I, Rupert Hentzau, and you, the king of Ruritania."

He paused, and then in a voice that quivered with eagerness added:

"Isn't that a hand to play?—a throne and you princess! And for me, say a competence and your majesty's gratitude."

"Get out of my reach!" said I, and yet in a moment I began to laugh for the very audacity of it.

"Would you turn against your master?" I asked.

He swore at Michael and said to me in an almost confidential and apparently friendly tone:

"He gets in my way, you know. He's a jealous brute! Faith, I nearly stuck a knife into him last night. He came

most cuttingly into my path."

My temper was well under control now. I was leaning something.

"A lady?" I asked negligently.

"Aye, and a beauty," he nodded. "But you've seen her."

"Ah! Was it at a tea party, when some of your friends got on the wrong side of the table?"

"What can you expect of fools like Detchard and De Gault? I wish I'd been there."

"And the duke interferes?"

"Well," said Rupert meditatively, "that's hardly a fair way of putting it, perhaps. I want to interfere."

"And she prefers the duke?"

"Aye, the silly creature! Ah, well, you think about my plan," and, with a bow, he pricked his horse and trotted after the body of his friend.

I went back to Flavia and Sapt, pondering on the strangeness of the man. Wicked men I have known in plenty, but Rupert Hentzau remains unique in my experience. And if there be another anywhere let him be caught and hanged out of hand. So say I.

"He's very handsome, isn't he?" said Flavia.

Well, of course, she didn't know him as I did, yet I was put out, for I thought his bold glances would have made her angry. But my dear Flavia was a woman, and so—she was not put out. On the contrary, she thought young Rupert was very handsome—us, beyond question, the ruffian was.

"And how did he look at his friend's death?" she said.

"He'll have better reason to be sad at his own," observed Sapt, with a grim smile.

As for me, I grew sulky. Unreasonable it was, perhaps, for what better business had I to look at her with love than had even Rupert? And sulky I remained till, as evening fell and we rode up to Tarlenheim, Sapt having fallen behind in case any one should be following us, Flavia, riding close beside me, said softly, with a little half-ashamed laugh:

"Unless you smile, Rudolf, I cry. Why are you angry?"

"It was something that fellow said to me," said I, but I was smiling as we reached the doors and dismounted.

There a servant handed me a note. It was undressed.

"Is it for me?" I asked.

"Yes, sire; a boy brought it."

I tore it open:

Johann carries this for me. I warned you once. In the name of God and if you are a man, rescue me from this den of murderers! A. D. M.

I handed it to Sapt, but all that the tough old soul said in reply to this piteous appeal was:

"Whose fault brought her there?"

Nevertheless, not being faultless myself, I took leave to pity Antoinette de Mauban.

CHAPTER XVI.

AS I had ridden publicly in Zenda and had talked with Rupert Hentzau, of course all pretense of illness was at an end. I marked the effect on the garrison of Zenda. They ceased to be seen abroad, and any of my men who went near the castle reported that the utmost vigilance prevailed there. Touched as I was by Mme. de Mauban's appeal, I seemed as powerless to befriending her as I had proved to help the king. Michael made no defiance, and, although he, too, had been seen outside the walls, with more disregard for appearances than he had hitherto shown, he did not take the trouble to send any excuse for his failure to wait on the king.

Time ran on in inactivity when every moment was pressing, for not only was I faced with the new danger which the stir about my own disappearance brought on me, but great murmurs had arisen in Strelnau at my continued absence from the city. They had been greater but for the knowledge that Flavia was with me, and for this reason I suffered her to stay, though I hated to have her where danger was and though every day of our present sweet intercourse strained my endurance almost to breaking. As a final blow nothing would content my advisers, Strakenz and the chancellor, who came out from Strelnau to make an urgent representation to me, save that I should appoint a day for the public solemnization of my betrothal, a ceremony which in Ruritania is well nigh as binding and great a thing as the marriage itself. And this, with Flavia sitting by me, I was forced to do, setting a date a fortnight ahead and appointing the cathedral in Strelnau as the place. And this formal act, being published far and wide, caused great joy throughout the kingdom and was the talk of all tongues, so that I reckoned there were but two men who chafed at it—I mean Black Michael and myself—and but one who did not know of it—that one the man whose name I bore, the king of Ruritania.

In truth, I heard something of the way the news was received in the castle, for after an interval of three days the man Johann, greedy for more money, though fearful for his life, again found means to visit us. He had been waiting on the duke when the tidings came. Black Michael's face had grown blacker still, and he had sworn savagely. Nor was he better pleased when Rupert took oath that I meant to do as I said and, turning to Mme. de Mauban, wished her joy on a rival gone. Michael's hand stole toward his sword, said Johann, but not a bit did Rupert care, for he rallied the duke on having made a better king than had reigned for years past in Ruritania. "And," said he, with a meaning bow to his exasperated master, "the devil sends the princess a finer man than heaven had marked out for her. By thy soul, he does!" Then Michael harshly bade him hold his tongue and leave them, but Rupert must needs first kiss madame's hand, which he did as though he loved her, while Michael glared at him.

This was the lighter side of the fellow's news, but more serious came behind, and it was plain that if time pressed at Tarlenheim it pressed none the less sorely at Zenda. For the king was very sick. Johann had seen him, and he was wasted and hardly able to move. "There could be no thought of taking another for him now," he solemnly declared, were they that they had sent for a physician from Strelnau, and the physician, having been introduced into the

king's cell, had come forth pale and trembling and urgently prayed the duke to let him go back and meddle no more in the affair. But the duke would not, and held him there a prisoner, telling him his life was safe if the king lived while the duke desired and died when the duke desired—not otherwise. And, persuaded by the physician, they had allowed Mme. de Mauban to visit the king and give him such attendance as his state needed and as only a woman can give. Yet his life hung in the balance, and I was yet strong and whole and free. Wherefore great gloom reigned at Zenda, and save when they quarreled, to which they were very prone, they hardly spoke. But the deeper the depression of the rest, young Rupert went about Satan's work with a smile in his eye and a song on his lip, and laughed "fit to burst" (said Johann) because the duke always set Detchard to guard the king when Mme. de Mauban was in the cell—which precaution was, indeed, not unwise in my careful brother. Thus Johann told his tale and seized his crowns. Yet he sought us to allow him to stay with us in Tarlenheim, and not venture his head again in the lion's den, but we had need of him there, and, although I refused to constrain him, I prevailed on him by increased rewards to go back and to carry tidings to Mme. de Mauban that I was working for her and that, if she could, she should speak one word of comfort to the king, for while suspense is bad for the sick, yet despair is worse still, and it might be that the king lay dying of mere hopelessness, for I could learn of no definite disease that afflicted him.

"And how do they guard the king now?" I asked, remembering that two of the six were dead and Max Holf also.

"Detchard and Bersonin watch by night, Rupert Hentzau and Gautet by day, sir," he answered.

"Only two at a time?"

"Aye, sir, but the others rest in a room just above and are within sound of a cry or a whistle."

"A room just above? I didn't know of that. Is there any communication between it and the room where they watch?"

"No, sir. You must go down a few stairs and through the door by the drawbridge, and so to where the king is lodged."

"And that door is locked?"

"Only the four lords have keys, sir. I drew nearer to him.

"And have they keys of the grating?" I asked in a low whisper.

"I think, sir, only Detchard and Rupert."

"Where does the duke lodge?"

"In the chateau on the first floor. His apartments are on the right as you go toward the drawbridge."

"And Mme. de Mauban?"

"Just opposite on the left. But her door is locked after she has entered."

"To keep her in?"

"Doubtless, sir."

"And the duke, I suppose, has the key?"

"Yes. And the drawbridge is drawn back at night, and of that, too, the duke holds the key, so that it cannot be run across the moat without application to him."

"And where do you sleep?"

"In the entrance hall of the chateau, with five servants."

"Armed?"

"They have pikes, sir, but no firearms. The duke will not trust them with firearms."

Then at last I took the matter boldly in my hands. I had failed once at Jacob's ladder; I should fail again there. I must make the attack from the other side.

"I have promised you twenty thousand crowns," said I. "You shall have fifty thousand if you will do what I ask of you tomorrow night. But, first, do those servants know who your prisoner is?"

"No, sir. They believe him to be some private enemy of the duke's."

"And they would not doubt that I am the king?"

"How should they?" he asked.

"Look to this, then. Tomorrow at 2 in the morning exactly fling open the front door of the chateau. Don't fail by an instant."

"Shall you be there, sir?"

"Ask no questions. Do what I tell you. Say the hall is close or what you will. That is all I ask of you."

"And may I escape by the door, sir, when I have opened it?"

"Yes, quick as your legs will carry you. One thing more. Carry this note to madame—oh, it's in French; you can't read it—and charge her, for the sake of all our lives, not to fail in what it orders."

The man was trembling, but I had to trust to what he had of courage and to what he had of honesty. I dared not wait, for I feared that the king would die.

When the fellow was gone, I called Sapt and Fritz to me and unfolded the plan that I had formed. Sapt shook his head over it.

"Why can't you wait?" he asked.

"The king may die."

"Michael will be forced to act before that."

"Then," said I, "the king may live."

"Well, and if he does?"

"For a fortnight," I asked simply. And Sapt bit his mustache.

Suddenly Fritz von Tarlenheim laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Let us go and make the attempt," said he.

"I mean you to go—don't be afraid," said I.

"Aye, but do you stay here and take care of the princess?"

A gleam came into old Sapt's eye.

"We should have Michael one way or the other then," he chuckled, "whereas if you go and are killed with the king, what will become of those of us who are left?"

"They will serve Queen Flavia," said I, "and I would to God I could be one of them."

A pause followed. Old Sapt broke it by saying sadly, yet with an unmeaning droolery that set Fritz and me laughing:

"Why didn't old Rudolf III. marry your—great-grandmother, was it?"

"Come," said I, "it is the king we are thinking about."

"It is true," said Fritz.

"Moreover," I went on, "I have been an importer for the profit of another, but I will not be one for my own, and

if the king is not alive and on his throne before the day of betrothal comes I will tell the truth, come what may."

"You shall go, lad," said Sapt.

Here is the plan I had made: A strong party under Sapt's command was to steal up to the door of the chateau. If discovered prematurely, they were to kill anyone who found them with their swords, for I wanted no noise of firing. If all went well, they would be at the door when Johann opened it. They were to rush in and secure the servants if their mere presence and the use of the king's name were not enough. At the same moment—and on this hinged the plan—a woman's cry was to ring out loud and shrill from Antoinette de Mauban's chamber. Again and again she was to cry: "Help, help! Michael, help!" and then to utter the name of young Rupert Hentzau. Then, as we hoped, Michael, in fury, would rush out of his apartments opposite and fall alive into the hands of Sapt. Still the cries would go on. My men would let down the drawbridge, and it would be strange if Rupert, hearing his name thus taken in vain, did not descend from where he slept and seek to cross. De Gault might or might not come with him. That must be left to chance.

And when Rupert set his foot on the drawbridge? There was my part, for I was minded for another swim in the moat; and, lest I should grow weary, I had resolved to take with me a small wooden tub on which I could rest my arms in the water—and my feet when I left it. I would rear it against the wall just by the bridge, and when the bridge was across I would stealthily creep on to it—and then if Rupert or De Gault crossed in safety it would be my misfortune, not my fault. They dead, two men only would remain, and for them we must trust to the confusion we had created and to a sudden rush. We should have the keys of the door, that led to the all-important rooms. Perhaps they would rush out. If they stood by their orders, then the king's life hung on the swift-ness with which we could force the outer door, and I thanked God that not Rupert Hentzau watched, but Detchard. For the old Detchard was a cool man, relentless and no coward, he had neither the dash nor the recklessness of Rupert. Moreover, he, if any one of them, really loved Black Michael, and it might be that he would leave Bersonin to guard the king and rush across the bridge to take part in the affray on the other side.

So I planned—desperately. And that our enemy might be the actor hilled to security I gave orders, but our residence should be brilliantly lighted from top to bottom, as though we were engaged in revelry, and should so be kept all night, with music playing and people moving to and fro. Strakenz would be there, and he was a clever one; our departure, if he could, from Flavia. And if we came not again by the morning he was to march, on only and in force, to the castle and demand the person of the king. If Black Michael were not there, as I did not think he would be, the marshal would take Flavia with him, as swiftly as he could, to Strelnau, and there proclaim Black Michael's treachery and the probable death of the king and rally all that there was honest and true round the banner of the princess. And, to say truth, this was what I thought most likely to happen.

For I had great doubts whether either the king or Black Michael or I had more than a day to live. Well, if Black Michael died, and if I, the play actor, slew Rupert Hentzau with my own hand and then died myself, it might be that fate would deal as lightly with Ruritania as could be hoped, notwithstanding that it demanded the life of the king—and to her dealing thus with me I was in no temper to make objection.

It was late when we rose from conference, and I betook me to the princess' apartments. She was positive that evening, yet when I left her she flung her arms about me and grew for an instant bashfully radiant as she slipped a ring on my finger. I was wearing the king's ring, but I had also on my little finger a plain band of gold engraved with the motto of our family, "Nil Quae Fecl." This I took off

CHAPTER XVII.

THE night came fine and clear. I had prayed for dirty weather, such as had favored my previous voyage in the moat, but fortune was this time against me. Still, I reckoned that by keeping close under the wall and in the shadow I could escape detection from the windows of the chateau that looked out on the scene of my efforts. If they searched the moat, indeed, my scheme

Wear that ring even though you wear another when you are queen."

and put on her finger and signed to her to let me go. And she, understanding, stood away and watched me with dimmed eyes.

"Wear that ring even though you wear another when you are queen," I said.

"Whatever else I wear, this I will wear till I die and after," said she as she kissed the ring.

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Continued on page three.

A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

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A Battle of Butterflies.

"A battle of butterflies," said the Japanese viscount firmly.

"Impossible!" cried the lady on his right.

"Oh," the viscount insisted, "the thing is authenticated. It happened on Aug. 20, 1880. Tales and poems without number have been written on it. On the evening of Aug. 20 two opposing armies of the butterflies fought an aerial battle between Nijima and Kavasaki Mura. The fight continued till sunset, when the smaller army turned and retreated, the victors pursuing it till all were lost in the rosy sunset haze. The ground beneath the combat was thickly strewn with wounded and dead warriors. The battle drew a thousand people. It occurred about thirty feet up in the air. The spectators were amazed and horror-stricken to see these gentle blue butterflies grappling and struggling furiously and silently in a blue blizzard above their heads."

The Bookplate.

An ex libris, or bookplate, is a small piece of paper whereon is printed the owner's name and pasted on the inside cover of a book—in other words, it is a printed slip to denote the ownership of books. A proper ex libris should have, first of all, the name, boldly and plainly printed, and a space left for the number of volumes contained in the library; then, to make it more interesting and personal, some decorative device of the owner's peculiar and individual choice as well as some favorite motto, if desired. In Europe these who have the right use family crests or armorial bearings for their ex libris. Every well-regulated library should have some mark of ownership, and the ex libris takes the place of the owner's signature.

Moths and Butterflies.

Some moths look very much like butterflies, but there are two ways in which you can always tell the one from the other. Each has little slender feelers growing from the head, but the butterfly's feelers, or antennae, as they are called, have knobs on the ends. The antennae of the moth sometimes have tiny feathers on them and sometimes little spines, but they are never knobbed. Then, too, in alighting the butterfly always holds her wings erect, while the moth's droop or are nearly flat.

No Longer Worried.

"I thought," said the visitor, "I'd drop in and tell you what your hair restorer did for a friend of mine. When he started to using your elixir there were only a few hairs on his head, but now it's completely covered."

"Indeed!" explained the patent medicine man.

"Yes; by six feet of earth."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Martyr.

The friend—if your married life is so unhappy, why don't you get a divorce from your husband? Unhappy Wife—Because he would then marry some other woman and make her happy.—Chicago News.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"I must fall, but I did not think they would. They had made Jacob's ladder secure against attack. Johann had himself helped to fix it closely to the masonry on the underside so that it could not now be moved from below any more than from above. An assault with explosives or a long battering with pikes alone could displace it, and the noise involved in either of these operations put them out of the question. What harm, then, could a man do in the moat? I trusted that Black Michael, putting this query to himself, would answer confidently, 'None,' while even if Johann meant treachery he did not know my scheme and would doubtless expect to see me at the head of my friends before the front entrance to the chateau. There, I said to Sapt, was the real danger.

"And there," I added, "you shall be. Doesn't that content you?"

But it did not. Dearly would he have liked to come with me had I not utterly refused to take him. One man might escape notice. To double the party more than doubled the risk, and when he ventured to hint once again that my life was too valuable to know the secret thought he clung to, sternly bade him be silent, assuring him that unless the king lived through the night I would not live through it either.

At 12 o'clock Sapt's command left the chateau of Tarlenheim and struck off to the right, riding by unfrequented roads and avoiding the town of Zenda. If all went well, they would be in front of Zenda by about a quarter to 2. Leaving their horses half a mile off, they were to steal up to the entrance and hold themselves in readiness for the opening of the door. If the door were not opened by 2 they were to send Fritz von Tarlenheim round to the other side of the castle. I would meet him there if I were alive, and we would consult whether to storm the castle or not. If I were not there, they were to return with all speed to Tarlenheim, rouse the marshal, and march in force on Zenda, for if not there I should be dead, and I knew that the king would not be alive five minutes after I had ceased to breathe.

I must now leave Sapt and his friends and relate how I myself proceeded on this eventful night. I went out on the good horse which had carried me on the night of the coronation back from the shooting lodge to Strelsau. I carried a revolver in the saddle and my sword. I was covered with a large cloak, and under this I wore a warm, tight-fitting woollen jersey, a pair of knickerbockers, thick stockings and light canvas shoes. I had rubbed myself thoroughly with oil, and I carried a large flask of whisky. The night was warm, but I might probably be immersed a long while, and it was necessary to take every precaution against cold, for cold not only saps a man's courage if he has to die, but impairs his energy if others have to die and finally gives him rheumatism if it be God's will that he lives. Also I tied round my body a length of thin but stout cord, and I did not forget my ladder. I, starting after Sapt, took a shorter route, skirting the town to the left, and found myself in the outskirts of the forest at about half past 12.

I tied my horse up in a clump of trees, leaving the revolver in its pocket in the saddle—it would be no use to me—and, ladder in hand, made my way to the edge of the moat. Here I unrolled my rope from about my waist, bound it securely round the trunk of a tree on the bank and let myself down. The castle clock struck a quarter to 1 as I felt the water under me and began to swim round the keep, pushing the ladder before me and bugging the castle wall. Thus voyaging, I came to my old friend, Jacob's ladder, and felt the ledge of masonry under me. I crouched down in the shadow of the great pipe—I tried to stir it, but it was quite immovable—and waited. I remembered that my predominant feeling was neither anxiety for the king nor longing for Flavia, but an intense desire to smoke, and this craving, of course, I could not gratify.

The drawbridge was still in its place. I saw its airy, light framework above me, some ten yards to my right, as I crouched with my back against the wall of the king's cell. I made out a window two yards my side of it and nearly on the same level. That, if Johann spoke true, must belong to the duke's apartments, and on the other side, in about the same relative position, must be Mine de Maubian's window. Women are careless, forgetful creatures. I prayed that she might not forget that she was to be the victim of a brutal attempt at 2 o'clock precisely. I was rather amused at the part I had assigned to my young friend, Rupert Bentzen, but I owed him a stroke, for, even as I sat, my shoulder ached where he had, with an audacity that seemed half to hide his treachery, struck at me in sight of all my friends on the terrace at Tarlenheim.

Suddenly the duke's window grew bright. The shutters were not closed, and the interior became partially visible to me as I cautiously raised myself till I stood on tiptoe. Thus placed, my range of sight embraced a yard more inside the window, while the radius of light did not reach me. The window was flung open, and some one looked out. I marked Antoniette de Maubian's graceful figure, and, though her face was in shadow, the fine outline of her head was revealed against the light behind. I longed to cry softly, "Remember!" but I dared not, and happily, for a moment later a man came up and stood by her. He tried to put his arm round her waist, but with a swift motion she sprang away and leaned against the shutter, her profile toward me. I made out who the newcomer was. It was young Rupert. A low laugh from him made me sure, as he leaned forward, stretching out his hand toward her.

"Gently, gently!" I murmured. "You're too soon, my boy!"

His head was close to hers. I suppose he whispered to her, for I saw her point to the moat, and I heard her say in a low and distinct tone:

"I had rather throw myself out of this window!"

He came close up to the window and looked out.

"It looks cold," said he. "Come, Antoniette, are you serious?"

She made no answer, so far as I heard, and he, smiling his hand petulantly on the window sill, went on in the voice of some spoiled child:

"Hang Black Michael! Isn't the princess enough for him? Is he to have everything? What the devil do you see in Black Michael?"

"If I told him what you say"—she began.

"Well, tell him," said Rupert carelessly. And, catching her off her guard, he sprang forward and kissed her, laughing, and crying, "There's something to tell him!"

If I had kept my revolver with me I should have been very sorely tempted. Being spared the temptation, I merely added this new score to his account.

"Though, faith," said Rupert, "it's little he cares. He's mad about the princess, you know. He talks of nothing but cutting the play actor's throat. Didn't he, indeed?"

"And if I do it for him, what do you think he's promised me?"

The unhappy woman raised her hands above her head, in prayer or in despair.

"But I detest waiting," said Rupert, and I saw that he was about to lay his hand on her again when there was a noise of a door in the room opening, and a harsh voice cried:

"What are you doing here, sir?"

Rupert turned his back to the window, bowed low and said in his loud, merry tones:

"Apologizing for your absence, sir. Could I leave the lady alone?"

The newcomer must be Black Michael. I saw him directly as he advanced toward the window. He caught young Rupert by the arm.

"The moat would hold more than the king," said he, with a significant gesture.

"Does your highness threaten me?" asked Rupert.

"A threat is more warning than most men get from me."

"Yet," observed Rupert, "Rudolf Rasensdyl has been much threatened and yet lives."

"Am I in fault because my servants bungle?" asked Michael scornfully.

"Your highness has run no risk of bungling," sneered Rupert.

It was telling the duke that he shirked danger as plain as ever I have heard a man told. Black Michael had self control. I dare say he smiled—it was a great regret to me that I could not see their faces better—but his voice was even and calm as he answered:

"Enough, enough! We mustn't quarrel, Rupert. Are Detchard and Bersohn at their posts?"

"They are, sir."

"I need you no more."

"Nay, I'm not oppressed with fatigue," said Rupert.

"Tray, sir, leave us," said Michael more impatiently. "In ten minutes the drawbridge will be drawn back, and I presume you have no wish to swim to your bed."

Rupert's figure disappeared. I heard the door open and shut again. Michael and Antoniette de Maubian were left together. To my chagrin, the duke laid his hand on the window and closed it. He stood talking to Antoniette for a moment or two. She shook her head, and he turned impatiently away. She left the window. The door sounded again, and Black Michael closed the shutters.

"De Gaultier, de Gaultier, man!" sounded from the drawbridge. "Unless you want a bath before your bed, come along!"

It was Rupert's voice, coming from the end of the drawbridge. A moment later he and De Gaultier stepped out on the bridge. Rupert's arm was through De Gaultier's, and in the middle of the bridge he detained his companion and leaned over. I dropped beside the shelter of Jacob's ladder.

Then Master Rupert had a little sport. He took from De Gaultier a bottle which he carried and put it to his lips.

"Hardly a drop!" he cried discontentedly and flung it in the moat.

It fell, as I judged from the sound and the circles on the water, within a yard of the pipe. And Rupert, taking out his revolver, began to shoot at it. The first two shots missed the bottle, but hit the pipe. The third shattered the bottle. I hoped that the young ruffian would be content, but he emptied the other barrels at the pipe, and one, skimming over the pipe, whistled through my hair as I crouched on the other side.

"Ware bridge!" a voice cried, to my relief.

Rupert and De Gaultier cried, "A moment!" and ran across. The bridge was drawn back, and all became still. The clock struck a quarter past 1. I rose and stretched myself and yawned. I think some ten minutes had passed when I heard a slight noise to my right. I peered over the pipe and saw a dark figure standing in the gateway that led to the bridge. It was a man. By the careless, graceful pose I guessed it to be Rupert again. He held a sword in his hand, and he stood motionless for a minute or two. Wild thoughts ran through me. On what mischief was the young fount bent now? Then he laughed low to himself; then he turned his face to the wall, took a step in my direction and, to my surprise, began to climb down the wall. In an instant I saw that there must be steps in the wall; it was plain. They were cut into or affixed to the wall at intervals of about eight inches. Rupert set his foot on the lower one, then he placed his sword between his teeth, turned round and noiselessly let himself down into the water. Had it been a matter of my life only I would have swam to meet him. Nearly would I have loved to fight it out with him then and there—with steel on a fine night and none to come between us. But there was the king. I restrained myself, but I could not bridle my swift breathing, and I watched him with the intensest eagerness.

He swam leisurely and quietly across. There were more footsteps up on the other side, and he climbed them. When he set foot in the gateway, standing on the drawn back bridge, he felt in his pocket and took something out. I could hear him unlock the door. I could

hear no noise of its closing behind him. He vanished from my sight.

Abandoning my ladder—I saw I did not need it now—I swam to the side of the bridge and climbed halfway up the steps. There I hung, with my sword in my hand, listening eagerly. The duke's room was shrouded in darkness. There was a light in the window on the opposite side of the bridge. Not a sound broke the silence till half past 1 chimed from the great clock in the tower of the chateau.

There were other plots than mine afoot in the castle that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Knives Are Tiny Saws.

Knives, no matter how carefully sharpened, are little saws. The grinding away of the steel, done by the stone, is not an even work, but when the edge gets thin is a process of tearing away tiny bits of steel by the grit of the stone. This tearing makes the teeth. A fine stone makes fine teeth, a coarse stone coarse teeth. A carving knife used on meat is sharpened on a coarse stone or a steel and has coarse teeth, although its edge is thick. Its action in parting the meat is more that of a saw than a fine wedge. No matter how soft it may be it will not cut easily unless it is drawn over the meat and not simply pressed down. A razor, however, with its paperlike edge, will cut into flesh with a simple pressure. It is a wedge dividing the fibers of flesh just as a wedge of iron divides the fibers of the log it splits. But a razor is a saw, too, only as it is ground on the finest stones and later finished with a leather strap, its teeth are very fine indeed—hundreds and hundreds to the inch of blade.—C. H. Clardy in St. Nicholas.

Origin of Curtain Calls.

The first curtain call took place on the evening of Feb. 26, 1743. On that memorable evening Voltaire's "Merope" was performed for the first time in Paris. The author was known to the Paris public, but nothing that they had seen of his had pleased them so much as "Merope," and the enthusiasm found expression in noisy demands to see the author. In a letter Voltaire says this of the incident: "They dragged me out and led me by force to the box occupied by the Duchesse de Villars and her daughter-in-law. The whole theater seemed to have gone mad—all shouted to the duchesse to kiss me. The noise became so great that the lady finally obeyed. So I was, like Alain Chartier, publicly kissed, but he was asleep, while I was wide awake." Now authors answer similar calls by appearing before the curtain. They gain in so far that they can be seen better by their audience, but they must dispense with the duchesse's kiss—at least in public.—Berliner Tageblatt.

Pronunciation of "Theatre."

If "theatre" was originally written "theater" in English, has its pronunciation also varied among the orthodox—that is to say, was there ever a time when correct speakers said "theater," as many of the incorrect still do? There is no direct evidence in verse of a serious kind for such pronunciation so far as we know. Shakespeare certainly pronounced the word as we do now, says a London Journal. But since "theater" does really represent a long "a" of the original Greek and Latin it is not easy to understand how the vulgar could have blundered on to it of their own accord. It would have been more comprehensible if they had learned an orthodox "theater" into "theater," just as the second "a" in "Annals" goes too often popularly shortened now. The French language has had to mark the length of the "a" in "theatre" by giving it a rather irregular circumflex accent.

Luck In Falling.

"It's a peculiar thing the tricks that luck will now and then play a chap," said a prominent physician recently.

"Take, for instance, the breaking of bones in one's body. Did you ever stop and think how very many hard and high falls a man can have, light on rocky ground with half his body twisted under the other half, so to speak, and come off with not even a scratch? Then, again, a fellow will just trip over his own foot and, falling to the ground, break a leg or an arm. A good many will say it all depends on how one alights, but that seems to have absolutely nothing to do with it, as I have seen a man alight in a certain way from a high fall and never injure himself, and then again have I seen a second chap alight in the same identical way and break a leg and an arm."—Columbus Dispatch.

Diplomatic Reticence.

The social reformer was paying a visit to the convicts in the penitentiary and asking them various questions.

"And what are you doing here, my friend?" he said to a good looking man in the shoeshop.

"Making shoes," was the reply that discouraged any further inquiry in that direction.

Discharging the Cook.

"Well, cook's gone at last, John," said Mrs. B.

"Good. You must have had more courage than I gave you credit for to discharge her."

"I didn't do it. She discharged herself. I flattered her so about her cooking that she thought she was too good to stay with us, and off she went."

Music Hath Charms.

"Walter" called the customer in the restaurant where an orchestra was playing.

"Yes, sir."

"Kindly tell the leader of the orchestra to play something sad and low while I dine. I want to see if it won't have a softening influence on this steak?"—Tit-Bits.

Shifting the Blame.

Husband—Where did I leave my spectacles last night? Wife—Let me see! I saw them somewhere, but I can't remember where it was. Husband—That's just like a woman—can't remember anything.—Exchange.

The Peculiar Frigate Bird.

The frigate bird is a native of tropical seas and rarely comes to land except during the breeding season. It has the habit, unusual among sea birds, of nesting in trees, large companies of them building together in the tops of the highest mangroves. Like the cormorant and the albatross, the frigate bird lays but one egg. It lives by fishing and also by robbing other fishes of what they have caught. In plumage the frigate bird is brownish black, with metallic green and purple reflections. The distensible throat sac in the male is of bright scarlet, while the female, of a duller general hue, has a white patch on the breast. It is a beautiful sight to watch one or more floating overhead against the deep blue sky, the long forked tail alternately opening and shutting like a pair of scissors and the head, which is, of course, kept to windward, inclined from side to side, while the wings are to all appearance idly extended, though the breeze may be constantly varying in strength and direction.

An Egyptian Custom.

More than 1,000 years ago Herodotus observed a remarkable custom in Egypt. At a certain season of the year the Egyptians went into the desert, cut off branches from the wild palm and, bringing them back to their gardens, waved them over the flowers of the date palm. Why they performed this ceremony they did not know, but they knew that if they neglected it the date crop would be poor or wholly lost. Herodotus offers the quaint explanation that along with these branches there came from the desert certain flies possessed of a "ridiculous virtue," which somehow lent an exuberant fertility to the dates. But the true rationale to the incubation is now explained. Palm trees, like human beings, are male and female. The garden plants, the date bearers, were females, the desert plants were males, and the waving of the branches over the females meant the transference of the fertilizing pollen from the one to the other.

The Dangers of the Mines.

Great and mystically dreadful is the earth from a mine's depth. Man is in the implacable grasp of nature. It has only to tighten slightly and he is crushed like a bug. His loudest shriek of agony would be as impotent as his final mean to bring help from that far land that lies like heaven over his head. There is an insidious silent enemy in the gas. If the huge fanwheel on the top of the earth should stop for a brief period there is certain death, and a panic more terrible than any occurring where the sun has shone endues down under the tons of rock. If a man may escape the gas, the floods, the "squeeze" of falling rock, the car shooting through little tunnels, the precarious elevators, the hundred perils, there usually comes to him an attack of "miner's asthma" that slowly racks and shakes him into the grave.—Stephen Crane.

Ptolemy's Big Boat.

Ptolemy (Philopator) was fond of building big boats. One of these is said to have been 420 feet long, 67 feet broad and 72 feet deep from the highest point of the stern. This vessel had four rudders or what some would call steering oars, as they were not fastened, each forty-five feet long. She carried 4,000 rowers, besides 3,000 marines, a large body of servants under her decks and stores and provisions. Her oars were fifty-seven feet long, and the handles were weighted with lead. There were 2,000 rowers on a side, and it is supposed that these were divided into five banks. That this extraordinary vessel ever put to sea is doubted, but that she was launched and used at times, if only for display, several historians are agreed.

Getting Round It.

A famous mountaineer said of mountain climbing at a dinner in Brooklyn:

"Peaks that seem inaccessible may be climbed by turns and twists. Mountain climbing is a question of getting around the bad places. Getting around your difficulty—that is the secret of mountain climbing. Liszt, the great musician, had the ability to get around things; hence I am sure he'd have made a good mountaineer. Once at a dinner Liszt's hostess cried in a horrified voice that there were thirteen at table."

"Don't let that alarm you, madam," said Liszt, with a reassuring smile. "I'll eat for two."

If Lion Pulls and Horse Pulls.

If a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions, the horse would pull the lion backward with comparative ease. But if the lion were hitched behind the horse and facing in the same direction and were allowed to exert his strength in backing he could easily pull the horse down upon his haunches or drag him across the ring, so much greater is his strength when exerted backward from the hind legs than in forward pulling.—Clambers' Journal.

The Nursery of Statesmen.

A debating society in which the members are really keen is an institution of immense value in a school or a house. Success in the school debating society is frequently the beginning of a great career.—O. C. Williams in "The Captain."

Then the Mercury Froze.

"I think London is a lovely place for a honeymoon. Don't you, dear?"

"Yes, darling," he replied in an abstract manner. "I shall always come here in the future."—Stray Stories.

Some evils admit of consolations, but there are no comforters for dyspepsia and the toothache.—Bulwer.

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Saturday, April 6, 1907.

Another "real" daughter of the American Revolution has passed away in Maine. A few years more will leave no sons or daughters of men who took part in that memorable struggle for independence.

Is the Kaiser's son coming to America to complete his education at Harvard? That is the question that is agitating the citizens of Boston and Cambridge, and if the story is proven a fake there will be some very sore hearts in the old college town.

It may be that Hearst has ceased to be a menace in our American politics. Certainly his candidacies at Chicago developed no strength, which may be taken to indicate that the people are suffering from a revulsion of the feeling that had brought him so far forward in national politics.

Three attempts to ditch trains on the Pennsylvania road in the vicinity of Pittsburgh have served to keep the railroad officials on the anxious seat for the past ten days. It is devoutly to be hoped that the guilty parties will be apprehended and that full justice will be done them. There is no crime more dastardly than that of train-wrecking and in some States the penalty is death.

Ohio, that hot-bed of political controversies, is certainly bound to have a strenuous time for the next year or more. Senator Foraker is looking forward to the fight of his life with "Big Bill" Taft. Foraker is a fighter from start to finish and Taft is not only a hustler himself but will have all the influence of the administration behind him.

The lunacy commission has decided that Thaw is sane, but Mr. Jerome is looking for the commission with blood in both eyes. He doubtless knows that he will be unable to convict Thaw of the crime but he had hoped to secure his commitment to an asylum for a time at least. The trial will probably be resumed on Monday but the end is apparently not far away now. A verdict of acquittal is confidently expected.

So Chile is really mad because the United States did not care to raise the rank of her representative in this country. As she could not have an ambassador her legation is now in charge of a secretary and there is no indication of a change in the near future, the minister having returned to his home. The United States will probably continue in the practice to have ambassadors at only the courts of world powers and if Chile does not like it she will probably be allowed to sulk.

Ex-Governor William L. Douglass announces that he will be a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts this fall if the party demands him. General Charles L. Bartlett, who last year took part in the three-cornered fight for the office, has also been urged by some prominent Democrats to allow his name to be used again, but as Governor Douglass says that he will not take part in any fight for the party nomination things will probably be arranged quietly.

The controversy between the President and Mr. Harriman might excite the country rather more if it was the first instance of the kind during the present administration. But the Bellamy strike altercation and exchange of invective has somewhat taken the novelty off the situation. Perhaps this was what Harriman was banking on. He is a shrewd man and he knows how to use the public when he wants to do so, although he knows equally well how to keep his own confidence when occasion demands.

General Assembly.

The forty-eighth ballot for United States Senator was taken on Friday without change from the previous voting. The Wetmore supporters will lose one vote during the rest of the session, owing to the enforced absence of Lieutenant Governor Jackson, who called for Paris on Friday to attend his son who is critically ill there. Col. R. H. I. Goddard, Democratic candidate for Senator, is at present in the South, where his brother, William Goddard, is ill.

This has been a very busy week in the Legislature. Much new business has been introduced owing to the rule that fixed a certain day for the final introduction of new bills. The Senate has passed an act providing for the filling of vacancies in State offices caused by death, on account of the recent decision by the Supreme Court that neither Governor nor State had any power to fill vacancies. On Tuesday, Representative Franklin and Speaker Sutherland supported in vigorous style the recommendation of the committee that there be no change made in the seal in the State Library and were successful in defeating the measure.

Among the new business introduced of interest to Newport are the following: An act creating a board of commissioners for the Stone Bridge and appropriating \$5000 for the annual care of the same; resolution appropriating \$1000 for repairs to the Senate chamber of the old State House in

Newport; act to incorporate the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution; act to incorporate the Nathaniel Greene Memorial Association; and an act in amendment of the charter of the Jamestown and Newport Ferry Company.

The House has passed the act allowing the City of Newport to allow the Ruffin fire engine fund for the construction of fire hydrants. The resolution appropriating \$8000 for repairs to the armory of the Newport Artillery Company has been passed in concurrence with a minor amendment. The act appropriating certain sums for various societies, which includes \$1000 each for the Newport Horticultural Society and the Newport County Agricultural Society, has been passed in concurrence. The House has passed the bill allowing the Second Baptist Church and Society to dispose of its real estate.

Population Grows.

The Census Bureau has sent out estimates of the population compiled from various sources. They are interesting as showing the gain in population that has been made—or is supposed to have been made.

Thirteen states—Florida, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Wisconsin, and Wyoming—took census for themselves year before last. One state—Michigan—took its census in 1904. They found they had 28,293,877 folks within their borders. That was 1,901,572 more folks than the census-takers of 1900 found in those states; which means a gain of 8.7 per cent. Nothing to make Mr. Roosevelt nervous about "race suicide" in that showing.

With Alaska and the islands left out, the bureau thinks there were 82,574,195 of us year before last—or 6,579,620 more than in 1900, a gain of 8.7 per cent.—and 33,941,510 last year. With Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines, etc., reckoned in, the bureau thinks there were 93,182,240 of us last year. In 1900, with Alaska and Hawaii reckoned in but not Porto Rico, the Philippines, etc., there were 76,803,387 of us.

Now as to density of population. Rhode Island still stands at the head of the list and not only that but has made the greatest increase in density in six years. The census bureau estimates 28 Americans per square mile in 1906. If you add Alaska and the islands, the night states (and in the District of Columbia) the population has a density in excess of 100 per square mile. Here are the bureau's figures for those thickly settled states:

	1900	1906	Increase
Rhode Island	407	441	84
Massachusetts	349	373	24
New Jersey	230	242	12
Connecticut	188	200	12
New York	153	173	20
Pennsylvania	140	153	13
Maryland	121	134	13
Ohio	102	110	8

The bureau makes a note of the fact that urban population (as distinguished from rural, farm-house population) goes on growing remarkably: New York city had 4,113,043 people last year, Chicago 2,049,185, Philadelphia 1,441,735, St. Louis 619,320, and Boston 602,278. Cities and incorporated towns are the homes of more than one-third of all the Americans living on this continent. In the eighty-one cities of the "50,000 or over" class—a class to which Holyoke, Mass., Youkers, N. Y., Schenectady, N. Y., Norfolk, Va., Akron, O., Youngstown, O., Terre Haute, Ind., Fort Wayne, Ind., Houston, Tex., Dallas, Tex., and Tacoma, Wash., have attained since 1900—19,771,167 Americans were living last year. That's 3,915,188 more than the census men found there seven years ago.

Chicago's Verdict.

The Chicago election is significant chiefly because of the question of municipal ownership of the street car lines which was involved. Mr. Buse, the Republican, defeats Mr. Dunne, the Democrat, by 18,000, but the majority against immediate municipal ownership and in favor of the very reasonable propositions made by the street railway companies is 83,000.

These companies offer to operate their lines under a license from the city for twenty years, to pave, clean, repair and sprinkle the streets they use, to give universal transfers, and to pay the city 65 per cent. of their net profits. They also agree to spend from \$40,000 to \$50,000,000 in improvements and extensions. At the end of the twenty years, or at any time before, the city may buy the lines for \$50,000,000 in addition to whatever sums the companies have expended upon them. Ordinances accepting these propositions of the companies were passed by the city council and vetoed by Mayor Dunne. Then they were passed over his veto, and now, under a referendum, have been overwhelmingly sustained by the voters.

The arrival in Chicago of Mr. Hearst with a corps of cartoonists and writers and the activity of his newspapers there in support of Mayor Dunne and against the ordinances became factors in the campaign and no doubt aroused considerable resentment among the mayor's supporters, who had declined the offer of Mr. Bryan's eloquence. The independent voters likewise objected to what seemed like dictation from self-seeking outsiders. The mayor-elect, in commenting upon the result, says it means that "the people of Chicago cannot be humbugged," and are "opposed to W. R. Hearst and all the 'isms' he has sought to thrust upon the community."—Boston Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webster are in New York.

Japan not for War.

Mail advices from Tokio state that Viscount Hayashi, foreign minister of Japan, in a speech before the Japanese Diet in answer to questions of members regarding the government's attitude concerning the refusal of the San Francisco authorities to admit Japanese to the public schools, said:

"The American government, which throughout has shown profound sympathy with the Japanese nation, sent us a telegraphic expression of its regret at the occurrence before our protest had reached Washington. We considered that our proper course was to stand on one side and patiently await developments."

"In regard to the foreign suspicion of aggressive intentions on the part of Japan, these ideas can only be attributed to great ignorance of the conditions here. The military and naval proposals in the budget are of a kind merely to restore and reorganize the national forces, just as every other nation is doing."

"On behalf not only of the government but also of the nation, I beg to declare that Japan has no aggressive intentions whatever. As far as commerce is concerned, our policy may or may not be considered aggressive. We intend to push our interests to the front."

"We have the right possessed by all countries to peacefully compete with other nations, but we intend to firmly adhere to the principles of equal opportunity and the open door, in which we have the fullest belief."

Mark Twain's Moves.

Speaking about Mark Twain's proposed home at Redding, Conn., and the park that will run down to the Saugatuck river, the New York World says: "Perhaps his new home will hold him awhile, but he has been until now a typical 'moving' American. In his restless youth Mr. Clemens ran the Mississippi as a pilot, went to Utah, Nevada, and California, took a look at the Sandwich Islands and globe-trotted from Bermuda to Beirut. Then he married and 'settled down' to live permanently, as his friends in each new place supposed, in Elmira, Hartford, New York City, Princeton and Tarrytown. He lived also in Vienna and Florence, but did not own a home in either of these foreign cities. Mr. Clemens takes with a drawl and likes to tell about writing in bed and other ease-loving ways, but he is really just a restless Yankee. Englishmen often like to travel, Frenchmen occasionally, but an American is preeminently the man who 'moves.' And Mr. Clemens is typically American in that he does not propose to go back to the family home in Hannibal, Mo., or to the ancestral acre in Tennessee that kept the Clemenses poor, as an Englishman or any continental European would love to do. Concrete on a steel frame makes a nice country house and one that is fireproof, a great advantage to a writer who has a valuable library and smokes in bed. But is it solid enough to hold down a confirmed mover only 70 years old?"

James J. Hill.

James J. Hill is expert in his knowledge of diamonds, pearls, and other precious stones. It is said the aggregate worth of his collection is nearly \$2,000,000. He delights in showing the jewels to his friends.

Mr. Hill's favorite game is solitaire. He plays it for hours at a time in his St. Paul home.

Not even Mr. Hill knows the exact amount of his wealth. It is thought to be upward of \$100,000,000.

The Great Northern magnate at one time gave \$600,000 towards the endowment of a Catholic cathedral in St. Paul. He is a Protestant.

When asked to give his old, and first, home in St. Paul to the Little Sisters of the Poor, Mr. Hill bluntly gave orders to have it torn down. He prefers to act upon his own initiative, repelling any suggestions as to benevolent actions.

In Mr. Hill's private art gallery in St. Paul are 18 Corots, together with paintings by Millet, Troyon and Bouguereau. Some of his pictures are valued as high as \$50,000.—Wall Street Journal.

Inspector of Nuisances.

The Inspector of Nuisances respectfully reports that during the months of February and March 578 inspections were made, divided as follows:

Premises where inside or non-freezing closets were found, 88; sinks with no traps, 4; dirty cellar from rubbish, 1; breaking waste pipe, leaking into cellar, 1; no water for flushing closet, 1; keeping grease in cellar, 1; removed; no freezing closet overflowing, 1; grease traps and drains stopped up, 1; closets not cleaned, 43; condemned vaults, leaking into cellar, 43; condemned vaults in vaults not filled, 1; condemned vaults filled, 2; stables found clean, 60; dirty stable yards, 1; cleaned, 1; no cause for complaint, 2; spreading night-soil on water, 1; water sent to State Board of Health for analysis.

Dr. N. R. Chace was in Block Island the past week attending the funeral of Mrs. Phoebe R. Tracy, who died at the home of her nephew, Dr. N. G. Stanton, on Kay street.

Miss Clara Merritt of the MERCURY has returned from a two weeks' vacation spent in New York.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs was in the city the past week inspecting her villa.

Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce has returned from Washington.

Mr. Frederick Falze has returned from Europe.

An unmarried flirt is apt to develop into a married fury.

Washington Matters.

The President's Attitude on the Railroad Situation is the Cause of Much Apprehension among Financiers—Fear an Investigation as to the Real Values of the Roads—Peace Commissioners Meet—Notes

[From our Regular Correspondent.] Washington, D. C., April 4, 1907. Will he speak? Won't he speak? What will he say if he does speak? All these questions are being asked by the anxious public and the much more anxious railroad managers all over the country as to the railroad plans of the President. Up to date he has given no indication of what he intends to do in the announcement of his plans. The President may make some sort of an announcement at any one of the occasions when he speaks in public in the course of the next month. But he seems in no hurry to make any more extensive statement of his position than he has made already.

The railroad situation is complicated just now beyond question. There has been the greatest slump in the history of Wall Street. The railroads are curtailings improvements, and there is the threat of a big strike on the west that if it becomes a reality will tie up about 65,000 miles of trackage and affect directly and indirectly half a million men. But there is a serious question in the minds of the President's closest advisers as to how far the slump in Wall Street has been manufactured in an effort to scare the Administration. There is very little doubt that as to the curtailings of improvements, the railroads are "bluffing" with the same end in view. The strike situation is of course serious enough, but it is believed in Washington that it can be satisfactorily adjusted. Anyhow, Commissioner of Labor Chas. F. Kelly, one of the President's close friends and Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission have started west to see if they cannot act as arbitrators. And the President meantime is standing pat, as far as the most ardent protectionist on the subject of tariff revision.

What the railroad officials fear is that the President may demand a thorough valuation of the physical property of the railroads. Now there was a very effective commercial valuation made by the Census Bureau about two years ago. This included stocks and bonds and the earning capacity of the lines. For that sort of a valuation it is quite complete. But the railroads fear that if there is an actual "physical valuation" of the roads, it will show them to be "largely over-capitalized" that a large part of their stocks and bonds will become valueless, in other words have the water squeezed out of them. It is almost laughable, at the same time serious to see how the railroad managers are scurrying from one position to another, satisfied with the things that are but always fearful that something worse is going to happen. This fear appears to increase as the government gets nearer to the meat of the question, namely the real values on which the paper values of the roads are based.

It will be remembered that before the present law was passed, the railroad officials all shivered, or professed to, over the prospect of federal interference with the sacred business of rate making. It was a thing too abstract and delicate to be touched by the rude hands of any but qualified railroad men. But the rate bill passed and then there was fear of government control of the roads, and the managers declared this was the last straw. It would be the death knell of the business. Then the State legislatures "batted" with a lot of adverse legislation and the roads ran to the federal government praying for government control as the one thing essential to their well being. Now comes the question of the physical valuation of the roads, and the management is having another figurative fit for fear of what such a valuation may reveal.

There are two camps, that of Doliver, who engineered the first rate legislation and who is convinced now that a commercial valuation of railroad properties is as far as the government can safely go; and the La Follette camp which consists chiefly of La Follette, who insists that there shall be a fair physical valuation of railroad property. The President is inclined to side with Senator La Follette and a good many of his advisors may that no harm can come of finding exactly the data on which the railroads base their own valuation of themselves. At the same time the railroads, yearning for federal control to protect them from hostile State legislatures, ask that pooling be permitted. This is coming curiously around to the recommendation of Senator Newlands, or so counted the most radical of railroad reformers who has always favored unlimited pooling by the railroads with strict federal supervision of their stock issues and the declaration of their dividends. It must be said, however, that a permissive pooling law would necessitate the repeal or modification of both the present rate law and the Sherman anti-trust law both of which expressly prohibit pooling. This would mean a whole new law of talk and wrangling in Congress and would make a year of futile delay, which perhaps is one of the things the railroads are after.

One might really think from the eagerness with which the railroads are waiting a White House announcement on the subject of pending legislation, that the President of the United States passed the laws and Congress merely signed them. Now a reference to the Constitution of the United States would prove the error of this, even to a railroad president. But the attitude of the roads merely shows the bold that the personality of the President has on their imaginations and the effect that it has on the practical workings of Congress. So the White House announcement of "let up" on the roads is eagerly awaited. And in the same it is hoped for, probably will be awaited in vain. When the President chooses to talk for publication, he has given before, "Act honestly and you will be treated fairly; a square deal for everyone, including the railroads."

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Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted 1907 by W. T. Foster.
Washington, D. C., April 6, 1907.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent April 7, to 11, warm wave April 8 to 10, cool wave Apr. 9 to 13. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 11, cross west of Rockies country by close of 12, great central valleys 13 to 15, eastern states 16. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about April 11, great central valleys 13, eastern states 15. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about April 14, great central valleys 16, eastern states 18.

Low temperatures will prevail during the week covered by this disturbance and then will come a great high temperature wave reaching meridian 90 about April 20 and followed by a severe cool wave that will carry frost unusually far southward. The warm wave expected to reach meridian 90 about April 14 will be very moderate with very cool weather preceding and following it.

First half of April will average very cold with most rain within a hundred miles of a line drawn from Pittsburgh to St. Louis; rather dry elsewhere. Temperatures will be moderately changeable up to middle of April and then radically changeable going to all kinds of weather extremes including severe storms.

Last half of April will bring exceptionally bad crop weather and farmers of mid-latitudes will begin to see why I advised them not to sell corn. From this end of crop season crop weather will greatly fluctuate, sometimes good, sometimes bad.

Soon after April 6 a high temperature wave will reach meridian 90, carrying with it strenuous weather with a northern cold wave following. That cold wave will reach meridian 90, about April 10 and farmers, florists, gardeners and the house-keeper with tender plants, particularly along and north of parallel 40, should be on the alert for frosts.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented to James Vaughan for the owner, Charles Peterson, his unfurnished cottage on the southerly side of Atlantic street and known as No. 8.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented to Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzgerald for the owner, Mrs. Sarah H. DeBois, the west half of her double house, No. 128 Prospect Hill street.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for the owner, Philip Stevens, his store in building on the northerly side of Long wharf to Frank Polous.

"Father," said little Willie Quizz, "what is expert testimony?"

"Expert testimony, my son, is a sort of legal umbrella that is hoisted to shield a man from the effects of a brain storm."

Teacher—Is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?

Bright Pupil—Yes, mum; there's hash.—Harper's Weekly.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

APRIL 1907.	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	High water	Low water
6 Sat	5 38	6 28	7 1	7 48	8 2	2 31	2 3
7 Sun	5 38	6 28	7 1	7 48	8 2	2 31	2 3
8 Mon	5 38	6 28	7 1	7 48	8 2	2 31	2 3
9 Tues	5 38	6 28	7 1	7 48	8 2	2 31	2 3
10 Wed	5 38	6 28	7 1	7 48	8 2	2 31	2 3
11 Thurs	5 38	6 28	7 1	7 48	8 2	2 31	2 3
12 Fri	5 38	6 28	7 1	7 48	8 2	2 31	2 3

Last Quarter, 5th day, 10h. 20m., morning.
New Moon, 12th day, 2h. 36m., morning.
Full Moon, 20th day, 5h. 38m., evening.
Full Moon, 28th day, 1h. 4m., evening.

For Sale.

A Desirable Residence Near Touro Park.

(This is an excellent house with over 5,000 square feet of land. Situation is most central and desirable. This place would make a thoroughly comfortable all-the-year-round residence, and would be admirably adapted for a doctor's office and domicile. Price very moderate.)

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
152 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, and
Narragansett Avenue, Jamestown.
Telephone No. 320.

Deaths.

In this city, 5th inst., at the residence of her brother, Patrick Fagan, 48 Hammond street, Mary A. widow of Andrew Fagan, 72 years of age, suddenly, 2nd inst., Maude E. widow of Charles E. Jepson.

In this city, 5th inst., Ellen, wife of John Parker, aged 39 years.

In this city, 5th inst., William F. Kuhn, aged 43 years.

In this city, 1st inst., Phoebe Ray, widow of Henry Tracy, 1st inst., Stewart J. son of George T. and Mary Amelia Young, aged 9 years, 7 months and 22 days.

In Boston, 2d inst., Alfred Blakemore, only son of John E. D. and Beatie Isabelle McKelley, and grandson of Alfred E. Wilbur, formerly of this city, aged 6 days.

In Norwich, Conn., 1st inst., Susan Brown, mother of Mrs. C. M. Cole, and daughter of the late Abner Weaver, of Middletown, R. I.

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CROWD SAW TRAGEDY

Young Man Kins Gled He Loved and Attempts Suicide

Boston, April 4.—The second double shooting that occurred in this city within 24 hours took place in the waiting room of the street railway transfer station at Hibernia Crossing just before dark last night, when Walter Stock, 26 years old, shot and fatally wounded Agnes Bates, 20 years old. Stock fired two shots at the woman, to whom he was engaged to marry, and then sent a third bullet through his mouth. Both were alive when an ambulance reached them, but the woman died later at a hospital, while Stock's condition is critical.

Like the affair which occurred in the South End early yesterday, in which two negroes were involved, the shooting last night was the outcome of a lovers' quarrel. The shooting was witnessed by a large number of people who were on their way home from work and caused almost a panic.

Lovers in Double Tragedy

Boston, April 3.—A lovers' quarrel early this morning resulted in an attempted murder and suicide. Stanley Hobson, 30 years old, a negro, firing four shots at Ella Chandler, aged 31 years, a negro, which seriously injured her, and then firing the fifth bullet into his head, dying instantly. The affair took place at 24 Sawyer street, where Mrs. Chandler lived with her two children, having separated from her husband a few months ago. Hobson had left his wife not long since. The woman's condition is critical.

Objection to Germ Test

Fall River, Mass., April 1.—A protest against the application of the tuberculin test to cows will be made to Mayor Coughlin and the Fall River health board as an outcome of a meeting of 300 farmers in Swansea. The sentiment against the proposal of the Fall River health board to have the milk producing herds of this section examined by the germ test for tuberculosis was strong. About 8000 cows were represented by the milkmen present at the meeting.

Wife Slayer Captured

Newport, Vt., April 2.—With two knife wounds in his throat, self-inflicted, and in a weakened condition from loss of blood, Dwight Miles, who shot and killed his wife at Newport Centre last Saturday evening, was removed last night from Richford to the county jail here. He was captured in Richford yesterday, and while in a cell in the village lockup awaiting transfer to this place cut two gashes in his throat with a small jack knife.

Ireland's Heavy Emigration

London, April 3.—A parliamentary paper shows that emigration depleted the population of Ireland last year by 35,918 persons, being 8.2 per thousand of the entire population. The United States received last year 70 percent of the total emigration. Since 1851 4,110,000 persons have emigrated from Ireland to various countries, this number equalling 93 percent of the present population of the country.

Poor Success With Airship

Paris, April 5.—M. Santos Dumont was not willing

BLOCK BY JEROME

Challenging Validity of Proceedings
In Thaw Case

LUNACY BOARD'S REPORT

Declaration That Defendant Is
Same Confirmed by the Court.
District Attorney Jerome
Strenuously Objects

New York, April 5.—The latest issue raised in connection with the trial of Harry K. Thaw will be carried before the appellate division of the supreme court.

After an examination of authorities and a study of the facts involved that continued from the hour that court adjourned yesterday, District Attorney Jerome late last night determined to ask the higher court to review the action of Judge Fitzgerald, who refused to give the prosecutor access to the minutes of the lunacy commission that earlier in the day had declared Thaw sane within the boundaries prescribed by the court for his examination.

Adjournment had been taken until Monday to allow Jerome to decide whether he would challenge the validity of yesterday's proceedings, and his decision to do so was reached earlier than had been expected. Jerome will, it is expected, make his formal motion before a member of the appellate bench today or tomorrow. Should he fail, the trial will probably be continued Monday.

If, on the other hand, the higher court entertains his appeal, a stay of the trial until the court reaches a decision will probably be secured. This will mean an indefinite delay in the trial of the original issue. Should the higher court find the trial judge in error, the district attorney would require considerable time to examine the minutes of the lunacy commission before he would be prepared to resume the trial.

Harry K. Thaw was declared sane by the unanimous report of the commission in lunacy appointed some two weeks ago to inquire into his present mental condition.

The moment the decision was handed down from Justice Fitzgerald's desk, District Attorney Jerome was on his feet vigorously protesting against its confirmation by the court. He charged that he had been excluded from the last session of the commission and demanded to be allowed to have access to the minutes and stenographic notes of what transpired at the final mental and physical examination of the defendant.

Justice Fitzgerald reminded Jerome that he had waived the statutory right of attending the last session of the commission by suggesting himself that all the attorneys be excluded from the sitting in question.

Thaw was not in court to hear the decision. The jury which has heard the testimony against him was also excluded, and both prisoner and jurors were out of range of Jerome's heated discussion with Fitzgerald. All the members of the Thaw family, including the mother and wife of the defendant, were present, however, and their keen delight over the announcement of the favorable report from the lunacy commission was turned into alarm at the unexpected attitude of the district attorney, whose threat to take the matter before the appellate division of the court seemed to involve another serious delay in the long-drawn-out trial.

The news of the commission's unanimous verdict as to his present sanity was carried to Thaw in the prisoner's pen. He expressed satisfaction, but not surprise. There has never been a time since the commission was appointed that the defendant has not been wholly confident of a favorable decision. He declared that he felt especially lucky because it was the second anniversary of his marriage.

The decision came during the afternoon session of the court and after reports, based upon significant circumstantial evidence, had gained wide circulation that the commission was split and could not reach an agreement.

The unanimous report, therefore, came as a complete surprise. In handing it down Fitzgerald gave no inkling whatever as to the finding, and as the report was not read in court few of those in the crowded room knew what the verdict had been. Jerome made his plea without perusing the report. He evidently had divined its contents, however, although he carefully pre-empted the phrase "If the report should be unfavorable to my contention" to all of his remarks.

When the report finally fell into the possession of the newspaper men it was seen to be a most sweeping victory for Thaw. It continued the reports of the excellent showing he had made before the commission in both his mental and physical tests. The most significant paragraph in the report reads:

"The direct oral and physical examination of the defendant by the commissioners themselves disclosed no insanity in the defendant at the present time."

Electrocuted by Accident

Burlington, Vt., April 5.—An electric light wire on which Eugene Mazzoni, aged 20, was at work came in contact with a live wire and a current of 2400 volts passed through Mazzoni's body, killing him almost instantly. Mazzoni was employed by the Municipal Electric Lighting company.

Money For Worcester Institutions

Worcester, Mass., April 4.—The will of the late Eliza D. Dodge, wife of Thomas H. Dodge, a retired patent lawyer of this city, was filed in the probate court here and contains bequests amounting to \$30,000 to Worcester institutions. The estate is valued at \$200,000. Her husband, who is still living, is considered one of the wealthiest men in the city.

ANSWER IS FILED

Bombshell In Camp of the Eddy
Prosecution

ESTATE IS TRANSFERRED

Held In Names of Three Trustees,
Thus Placing Plaintiff
on the Defensive—"Mother"
Eddy Out of the Litigation

Concord, N. H., April 3.—A motion for leave to intervene, involving the substitution of duly appointed trustees as plaintiffs in place of the "next friends," was the answer of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder of the Christian Science religion, made through her counsel, in the suit brought to compel an accounting of her property.

That the declaration of the defense was a surprise is putting it only mildly. It proved a big sensation not only to the outside public but to the counsel for the plaintiffs or next friends as well.

By the document it is shown that at the present time Mrs. Eddy has not a dollar of which she has personal control, but that instead three reputable men—Henry M. Baker of Bow, N. H., Archibald McCallan of Boston and Josiah E. Vernal of Concord, N. H.—have assumed control of her affairs, have taken her property in their possession and under a bond of \$500,000 or more are administering it for her.

While this in itself is a body blow to the plaintiffs, its effect is increased by their appeal to the court to be substituted in place of Mrs. Eddy and her next friends. By this move the plaintiffs are put on the defensive, and the action of the counsel for Mrs. Eddy's "next friends" will be watched with great interest. If the court grants the request of the trustees to be substituted for the "next friends" and for Mrs. Eddy as the actual plaintiffs it is supposed that the equity suit will not be further prosecuted.

The suit in equity was filed on March 1 and Frank S. Streeter, as senior counsel for Mrs. Eddy, lost no time in preparing to meet the suit. By the filing of the papers it is seen that on March 6 Mrs. Eddy had turned over to the three trustees all of her real estate, stocks, bonds, personal property and cash balances in the banks; also that less than two weeks later, after the trustees had filed their bond of \$500,000, she personally signed a transfer of her copy-right, and had not only placed every dollar, actual or prospective, in the hands of the trustees, but had given them the responsibility of handling and directing all of her financial affairs.

In the deed of trust there are certain reservations by which the Christian Scientist has provided herself with a source of income. As no definite limit has been fixed she can demand of the trustees such amounts as will enable her to continue to live in the same manner to which she has been accustomed. In the certain purpose named in the documents there is enough to cover all the wants of a woman of her advanced years. She also provided for enough for charitable purposes and also such sums as: "I may personally desire to use for the advancement of the cause and doctrine of Christian Science as taught by me."

By yesterday's developments it is apparent that William E. Chandler, and his associates, John W. Kelley, Nathaniel B. Martin and Dewitt C. Howe, made a blunder when they failed to apply to the court for an injunction restraining Mrs. Eddy or any of the defendants named in the action brought in her name from transferring or in any way disposing of her property.

The future course of the counsel for Mrs. Eddy's "next friends" is entirely problematical. Attorneys not connected with the litigation say that no matter what the future course of counsel for the "next friends" may be, Mrs. Eddy cannot personally be drawn into the litigation. Instead there will be three adroit business men who are legally empowered to answer and act for her in all matters of whatever nature.

From an authoritative source it is learned that the trustees will wait a reasonable length of time for the other side to take some steps in opposition to the action of yesterday. If no move is then made they will institute proceedings for the purpose of discovering what inspired the "next friends" to bring the suit in equity. It is well known here that the counsel for Mrs. Eddy and the other defendants believe that the suit was inspired by other interests than those of her relatives, the impression being that a New York publication is behind the proceedings.

Couple Killed on Wedding Day

Sutton, W. Va., April 4.—Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd Garce of this place were burned to death last night when the River View hotel was destroyed by fire, causing a monetary loss of \$18,000. The couple were married yesterday in Mountsville and were en route to the home of the groom's mother, where a wedding supper and a party of friends were awaiting their coming.

Ex-Congressman Walker Dead

Worcester, Mass., April 3.—Joseph H. Walker, formerly one of the leading legislators at Washington, died at his home in this city this morning. The cause of death was cerebro-lemorrhage. Walker was born in Boston in 1829 and became a resident of Worcester in 1843. He represented this district in congress for 10 years.

Teamsters' Strike Continues

Boston, April 5.—Interest in the strike of 400 teamsters against eight trucking firms centers in the effort on the part of the affected firms to get out some of their teams. The union claims that only 24 wagons were in operation yesterday, while the firms state that about 40 were at work. No attempt was made to interfere with the drivers.

HARRIMAN A LIAR

Roosevelt's Reply to Accusation
of Seeking Aid

A SENSATIONAL EPISODE

Railroad King Said He Was
Urged to Raise Campaign
Fund, In Return For Which
Depew Was to Be Made Am-
bassador to France

Washington, April 3.—With the publication of sensational correspondence, President Roosevelt has locked horns with E. H. Harriman, the railroad king, and in diplomatic language called him a liar.

He followed this up by quoting a letter he had written to Representative Sherman of New York last October, in which he compared Harriman with "Debs, Moyer or Haywood." This sentiment of the president was in comment on a boast which Harriman was alleged to have made to Sherman that "he could buy state legislatures, congress, and, if necessary, the judiciary."

In a reply given out by Harriman last night, he in effect charges the president with garbling the correspondence, and by inference says he (Roosevelt) is not correctly giving the facts in the case. He says he is willing to let the public judge the correspondence.

The sensational episode started with the publication in New York of a letter written in January, 1906, by Harriman to Sidney Webster of New York. Webster is a brother-in-law of Sylvester Fish, who was recently deposed by Harriman as president of the Illinois Central. In this letter Harriman stated that in the fall of 1904 President Roosevelt called him to Washington and urged him to raise a fund for the New York campaign, as the election was in danger of being lost for want of money. Harriman says it was agreed between them that Senator Depew would be made ambassador to France. He says he went to New York and raised a fund of \$200,000; that this amount enabled the Republicans to win the election, but that when he went back to Washington, Roosevelt broke his promise about Depew.

In the same letter he unfavorably criticized Thomas F. Ryan and the present secretary of state, Elihu Root, and said a "combination of circumstances had brought together the Ryan-Root-Roosevelt element."

The letter evidently raised the president's anger to a white heat. As the first shot he characterized the statement of Harriman as "deliberate and wilful untruth that by rights should be characterized by an even shorter and more ugly word."

The president next gave out copies of two letters written by him to Sherman last October. These letters were called forth by certain statements regarding Harriman which Sherman made to the president, and in them the latter quotes freely from correspondence between himself (Roosevelt) and Harriman and gives his opinion with great frankness on Harriman and his operations. It is in this letter that he compares Harriman to "Debs, Moyer and Haywood." Debs being the noted Socialist leader and Moyer and Haywood being classed as socialist agitators.

The correspondence gives much "inside history" regarding New York politics, including the efforts of prominent men to make James H. Hyde Hyde ambassador to France, and on the whole it has caused a greater rattling of political dry bones than anything in years.

The president, as a parting shot, last night said he felt particularly pleased because "within the last few days he had been attacked by both ex-Senator Burton and Harriman." Burton has just come out of jail, and classifying him with Harriman was considered a very neat and telling thrust.

Suicide Left \$10,000,000.
Westerly, R. I., April 3.—The will of the late William H. Proctor, the soap manufacturer, who committed suicide in Cincinnati, was filed in the probate court here. It contains no public bequests, and directs that the property, amounting to \$10,000,000, be divided equally among his five children. Proctor had a residence here, but spent most of his time in Cincinnati.

Doctor and Wife Bankrupt

Boston, April 3.—At the same time that Lewis E. Morgan, a Brookline physician, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, scheduling his liabilities at \$66,862, his wife, Edith R. Morgan, filed a similar petition and named the amount of her liabilities as \$78,242. There are about 240 unsecured creditors of Morgan and his wife. There are no assets scheduled in either petition.

Apoplexy Kills Police Chief

Boston, April 5.—Chief of Police John B. Litchman of Marblehead died last night in the North station in this city, while on his way home, from a stroke of apoplexy. Litchman was re-appointed for his third term at a meeting of the selectmen of Marblehead last week.

No Chance Games in Montana

Helena, Mont., April 2.—The Griffin gambling law, which prohibits all games of chance, went into effect yesterday and for the first time since 1893 faro, roulette, poker, dice, card games of all kinds and even slot machines are forbidden in Montana.

Work of Probable Incendiary

Brookfield, Mass., April 5.—A large barn owned by Willard and Walter Norcross, brothers, was burned late last night, 22 cows perishing. Walter Norcross, sleeping in the barn, escaped with his clothing burned to shreds and is believed to be fatally injured. The loss is \$4000. The fire is believed to have been incendiary.

PERHAPS LURED AWAY

Newly Arrived Immigrant Dis-
appears at Boston

Boston, April 5.—Lured from the South station by a stranger, under the guise of friendship, Ruth Stabbernd, a Norwegian girl of 19, who has been in this country less than a week and can speak no English, is lost to her friends, who are frantically searching for traces of her.

As far as can be learned the girl arrived from New York at 7 o'clock Monday morning. She waited a short time for Miss Lillie Sjold of 195 Eastis street, who was to meet her, and was accosted by a strange woman who asked her destination. To the station master the stranger said that she would show the girl to Eastis street, and left in company with her.

Since that time not a trace of her whereabouts can be found. Miss Sjold, herself a prepossessing girl of 21, when seen last night at her home, was in despair at the disappearance of her friend.

Claimed He Was Robbed

Boston, April 5.—Morris Mosessolin, a pawn broker, who reported to the police several weeks ago that his house had been robbed of \$1500 in jewelry, was arrested last night on the charge of defrauding a burglary insurance company. The police state that after the reported burglary a watch was placed on Mosessolin and yesterday a team laden with goods was seen to drive away from his home. The wagon was stopped and searched and it is claimed that much of the property alleged to have been stolen was discovered.

Railway Extension in Maine

Portland, Me., April 5.—The Portland and Rumford Falls Railway company has acquired large tracts of land in East Deering and South Portland. The two locations will probably be used as terminals when the line is extended from Rumford Junction to this city. This company, which was recently incorporated by a legislative act, has just organized under its new charter and leased the properties of the Portland and Rumford Falls railway and the Rumford Falls and Rangeley Lakes railroad.

Girl Killed and Friend Dying

Amesbury, Mass., April 4.—Miss Carrie Dow, aged 16, was instantly killed and her companion, John H. Robinson, aged 17, was seriously injured in a grade crossing accident at Rocky Hill last night. Robinson and Miss Dow were on their way from Newburyport to Amesbury when their carriage was struck by a train. Miss Dow was killed instantly. Robinson's chances of recovery are considered slight. The horse was killed and the carriage demolished.

Brickyards in Combination

New Britain, Conn., April 4.—The Federal Brick company, with headquarters in Providence, has just obtained an agreement with nine of the brick firms of New Britain and vicinity, comprising the Central Brick Exchange of New Britain, by which it will control the output of the nine firms for the next five years. The Federal Brick company already controls a great part of the brick yards of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Tender Spot in Convicts' Hearts

Hartford, April 5.—Five convicts in the Connecticut state prison have made a contribution of \$9 to the Chinese famine relief fund, this amount being sufficient to save nine victims of the food shortage from starvation and to tide them over until the next harvest. Of the five contributors to the fund three are life convicts. The offering was purely spontaneous.

FURIOUS ITCHING
HUMOR ON CHILD

Bleeding Sores Covered Her Whole
Body After an Attack of Measles
—Nursed Every Night for Three
Weeks—Nothing Helped Her.

THEN CUTICURA MAKES
COMPLETE CURE IN 5 DAYS

"It is in my opinion my duty to join
those who praise the Cuticura Remedies.
After my granddaughter of about
seven years had been cured of the
measles, she was
attacked about a
fortnight later by
a furious, itching
and painful eruption
all over her body,
the upper part of
it, forming a
watering and
bleeding sore, especially
under the
arms, of considerable size. She suffered
a great deal, and for three weeks we
nursed her every night, using all the
remedies we could think of. Nothing
would help. We then remembered
having heard so much about Cuticura
Remedies. We sent for them and after
twenty-four hours we noted considerable
improvement, and, after using only one
complete set of the Cuticura Remedies,
in five consecutive days the little one,
much to our joy, had been entirely cured,
and has been well for a long time. Mrs.
F. Ruefenacht, R. F. D. 3, Bakersfield,
Cal., June 26 and July 20, 1906."



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The Strong Hold

WHICH THE

Newport Trust Company

has upon public confidence is
evidenced by its large and in-
creasing business.

Easter Millinery Display

—AT—
SCHREIER'S,

143 THAMES STREET

GREAT SELECTION

Elegant TRIMMED HATS.

SPECIALTIES IN CHILDREN'S HATS,

Every Shape, Every Color, in the

NEW STRAW, BRAID, HAIR and CHIP,

—AT—

THE LEADING AND POPULAR MILLINERY HOUSE.

SCHREIER'S.

Old Colony Street Railway Co

(ILLUMINATING DEPT.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with

Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

449 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Telephone 222.

POCAHONTAS

Georges Creek

Lykens Valley

Lorberry

COAL

Reading

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NEWPORT COAL COMPANY,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Telephone 222.

SOUVENIR POSTALS.

You can find anything you want in our assortment of

SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS.

ALSO A VERY COMPLETE LINE OF

NICE STATIONERY

FROM TEN CENTS PER BOX UP.

At Postal Station, No. 1, 174 Broadway.

S. S. THOMPSON.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Mrs. Francis E. Butler died at Farm-

ington, Me., aged 94. She was a daughter of Thomas Wendell, a soldier in the

revolution.

As the result of a fall, by which she

suffered a fracture of the leg, M.

Sarah C. Easton, the oldest resident of

Nantucket, Mass., is dead. Her age was

88 years.

Captain Walter M. Lindsay, pay-

master of the Sixth regiment, M. V. M.,

and secretary of the service school of

the state militia, died at his home at

Boston. He was born in 1807 and

served in the Philippines.

At a Dedham, Mass., town meeting,

it was voted to appoint committees to

Pretty Eyes for Every One.

It is said that the eyes of the Empress Josephine were really violet, though in certain lights they could look much darker in tone. They were particularly well suited with jewels of turquoise and sapphire and were remarkably fetching when she wore purple near them. She matched the spots in her eyes.

It isn't so much the color of your eyes that counts as the way you use them; it isn't so much their brilliancy as the way you dress the eyes. If you know what to wear and how to wear it your eyes will be pretty.

The woman whose eyes are jet black and whose hair matches them should dress her hair round, so as to put her face in a frame. This will bring out her eyes and make them shine brighter.

She should polish her hair and let it stand out well at each side of her head, making a full pompadour or setting for the eyes. This always has a good effect upon them.

The woman whose eyes are brown should treat them in a different way. Brown eyes must be made beautiful or they will have a false look.

The brown-eyed woman should wear tan color, or some shade of brown, and she should wear it around her neck and under her chin.

Light pink furs are becoming to her in winter; but in the summer time she should look for a pale brown silk neckerchief or something that flatters full and free around the throat—but always in the brown or the tan hue.

The brown-eyed woman should dress her hair rather fluffy. She cannot wear it plain. She should bring it down well upon her forehead.

Those picturesque hair draperies in which the hair is actually looped across the forehead are becoming to her. She can take considerable liberty with her hair, and she looks well with ribbons intertwined with her locks. She can be a trifle coquettish with her hair.

It is the truly blonde woman, with deep brown eyes, who has things all her way. Her eyes look nice no matter how she combs her hair, and if she will go to a little trouble she can be a professional beauty.

The blonde woman should set her hair high above her forehead, so as to make an aureole for her face. Her eyes will show up exquisitely in this framework of blonde complexion and blonde hair.

It is the woman with dull or fishy eyes who is at a loss how to proceed, because her eyes lack color. She knows that it is the thing to wear a dress that matches her eyes. Yet how is she going to do it when her eyes and lashes lack color?

Here are some rules for her to follow. They are in the nature of don'ts.

The first one is: Don't make gestures with your eyes. It is the pale-eyed girl who loves to cast her eyes upward, looking at nothing at all. It is the girl with the pale blue eyes who rolls her eyes, strikes attitudes and does stunts with the eyes that were never meant for her at all.

The black-eyed beauty may attempt them, but never the pale-eyed girl. The pale-eyed girl should paint her eyebrows every night with a good eyebrow grower. Maybe she will take a little almond oil and some vaseline and mix them half and half. This makes a good grower.

It should be put on as carefully as though you were painting a picture; don't get careless with the eyebrow brush. It may result in heavy, furry brows.

In the morning the pale-eyed girl should brush her eyebrows, using a little soft baby toothbrush. To line her pale eyes will begin to look darker as her eyebrows grow thicker.

The pale-eyed girl should take care of her lashes. She can treat them with boracic acid and keep them well and strong.

Sometimes, when the pale-eyed girl is going out in the evening, she may want to deepen her lashes just a little. This makes a vast difference in her looks, but she must be ever so careful not to put on too much color.

A little may be good, but a great deal is infinitely worse than nothing. It will give her an old and artificial look if she puts on too much.

It is by dressing properly that the woman whose eyes are not naturally pretty scores her best point. Here is another don't for the girl with light eyes.

Don't, if you are going out in the evening, wear a small hat. Try to wear one that fits forward over the face so as to let the light shade the eyes.

It gives them a real glow, for it casts them in the shadow and darkens them. If one must wear a small toque, then let it be of the variety that comes well forward, and let the hair be pulled out under it to shade the face a trifle.

The pale-eyed girl and the deep-eyed one, too, must be careful of her eyes. The eyes have a tendency to come closer together, and this makes a double wrinkle in the forehead.

The woman who looks intently at things will soon develop a wrinkle between her eyes. It is easily done, but very hard to drive away. Don't look intently if you don't want to have this wrinkle.

The woman who sits facing a bright light while she reads or reads will soon have eyes of an odd color. It is a fact that the eyes grow weak and red and the coloring substance seems to leave them.

The girl who sleeps facing a bright light commits a crime against her beauty, and the girl who sleeps with her eyes buried in the pillow commits another one. Sleeping with a light in your eyes will make them old long before their time.

Sleeping with the eyes buried in the pillow will bring wrinkles all around them and will produce that curious look of very old age which wrinkles bring into the face. Even a baby who sleeps with its face in the pillow will wake up with a thousand wrinkles.—New York Sun.

A Queer Error.

The late Ambrose J. Thomas, the noted advertising expert of Chicago, once told a story about two doctors in an address on advertising.

"To illustrate my point," he said, "I propose to tell an advertising error. 'I'll tell you about my friend Jones. Jones was taken down very bad, and his family physician being out of town, a specialist was called in.

"But the family physician unexpectedly returned, and he and the specialist entered Jones' chamber together. They found the man in a high fever and partially unconscious. Each put his hand under the bed clothes, to feel Jones' pulse, and each accidentally got hold of the other's hand."

"He has typhoid," said the first physician.

"Nothing of the kind," said the other. "He's only drunk."

Dense, Indeed.

Curate—I hear your husband has signed the pledge. Has he kept it to the letter?

Parishioner—It wasn't a letter, sir; it was a card.

Curate—I mean has he kept his pledge inviolate?

Parishioner—No, sir; I've kept it in lavender in a drawer.

Curate—I'm afraid you don't understand me. What I mean is—has he broken the pledge since he took it?

Parishioner—He hasn't touched it, sir, I've kept it wrapped up in paper, and his as good as new.

Then the curate gave it up as hopeless.—London Express.

No Market for Empty Cigar Boxes.

A pile of empty cigar boxes reacted nearly to the ceiling in a Main street cigar store.

"We're giving them away for standing room," the dealer said. "There is no market for empty cigar boxes. Cigar factories pay two cents or more apiece for them, and when once used they are worthless. The Government places a revenue stamp upon them and specifies that they shall not be used again for cigars. As a result hundreds are burned every day. Some of them are pretty, too, and all are perfectly made."—Kansas City Star.

Forgotten Item.

Senator Tillman, attacking a certain measure, said: "The penalty this measure imposes is unjust. It makes the offender pay twice. It is like an incident that occurred one night in a Pennsylvania restaurant. A patron, dining in the restaurant with his wife, said to the waiter when the bill was brought: 'Waiter, one item is wrong here. We didn't have three plates of soup. We only had two.'

"'Pardon me, boss,' said the waiter. 'You forget the plate what I spilled over the lady's dress.'"—Kansas City Journal.

Why They Cried.

"I say, mamma," said little Floesie, "why did Mrs. Brown cry at the wedding to-day?"

"Oh, because her dear daughter was getting married and leaving her."

"And why did Mrs. Jones cry?"

"I see. And why did Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Simpson cry?"

"Oh, because they have ever so many daughters to get married and so sign of any of them going off."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Haunting Fear.

"Why don't you go to work and save your money?"

"It's dangerous," said Plodding Pete, with his accustomed plausibility. "If I keep putting money in the bank I might get enough to live on de interest, an' den de fust thing I know I might get tempted to be a mollycoddle."—Washington Star.

An Ungallant Actor.

A well known American actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat surprised and pleased in a St. Louis hotel a short time ago when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose, without saying a word. He was more surprised and less pleased to receive a note the following day reminding him of the incident and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at the theater in which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," the actor replied, waxing sarcastic as he realized what had been the object of the attention he had been paid, "I would be glad to send you the seats you ask for, but, on consultation with the manager of the theater, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down and that he is opposed to having them sent away as souvenirs in any event, so that you will have to be contented with an autograph for a souvenir of your benevolence of yesterday instead."—Harpers Weekly.

Beats Radium For Cost.

If you object to paper money, but wish to carry big values in small compass, you might do worse than lay in a stock of best lenses for microscopes. Weight for weight, gold is not nearly so valuable as glass in the form of powerful lenses, and an ordinary purse filled with such lenses might easily represent a fortune. The record article over the raw material is probably made by this variety of glass, which multiplies itself 50,000,000 times. The front lens of a micro objective instrument costing about \$1 weighs no more than about .0017 of a gram; hence the value of such lenses to the weight of about two and a quarter pounds would be about \$200,000. The cost of making this weight of glass is 1 1/2 pence to 3 pence, and thus when worked up into the shape of a lens the glass has increased in value about 50,000,000 times.—London Express.

History and the London Times. I fancy history would have been going all the time. One can fancy the solemn letters that would have appeared in it. "Sir—My attention has been called to the report that I helped to murder Julius Caesar in the capitol. A report which has no foundation in fact. I should have thought that the friendly relations which I am proud to say, always subsisted between us would have rendered such a slander impossible. Yours, etc., Brutus."—G. K. Chesterton in Illustrated London News.

His Intelligence. Purchaser—You told me that parrot I bought of you was the most intelligent bird in your collection, while the fact is he can't talk at all. Dealer—That's what I meant when I spoke of his intelligence.

The Secret. He—Why did you tell me this if it was such a secret? She—But if I didn't tell it to somebody how could anybody know I could keep a secret?—Baltimore American.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

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The Scrap Book

A Bargain Day.

A clergyman, anxious to introduce some new hymn books, directed the clerk to give out a notice in church in regard to them immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give with reference to the baptism of infants. Accordingly at the close of the sermon he announced: "All those who have children they wish baptized, please send in their names at once." The clergyman, who was deaf, supposing that the clerk was giving out the hymn book notice, immediately arose and said, "And I want to say for the benefit of those who haven't any that they may be obtained from me any day between 3 and 4 o'clock; the ordinary little ones at 15 cents and special ones with red backs at 25 cents each."

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling In the crowded lives of men; Heart weary of building and spilling, And spilling and building again. And I long for the dear old river, Where I dreamed my youth away, For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the shrewd seeming Of a life that is half a lie, Of the faces lined with scheming In the throng that hurries by; From the sleepless thoughts endeavor I would go where the children play, For a dreamer lives forever, And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity For the burdens the rich endure; There is nothing sweet in the city But the patient lives of the poor. Oh, the little hands too skillful, And the child-mind choked with weeds, The daughter's heart grown willful, And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, not from the street's rude bustle, From the sophist of mart and stage, I would fly to the woods' low rustle And the meadow's kindly page. Let me dream as of old by the river And be loved for the dream I make, For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Two of a Kind.

It was a sleighing party. One of the seats contained two gentlemen and one lady, the lady sitting in the middle. After a time the gentleman on the right passed his hand into the lady's muff, and the lady withdrew her right hand. At the same time the gentleman on the left passed his hand into the lady's muff, and the lady withdrew her left hand. There were then some indications of an athletic contest, a test of gripping power, inside of the muff, and later the lady, raising her two hands, said, "It is very selfish of you two to take my muff when my hands are freezing!"

The Value of Laughter. "I find nonsense singularly refreshing," said Tallerrand. "There is good philosophy in the saying, 'Laugh and grow fat.' Laughter beguiles in the lungs and diaphragm, setting the liver, stomach and other internal organs into a quick, jelly-like vibration which gives a pleasant sensation and exercise almost equal to horseback riding. The heart beats faster, sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration and gives warmth and glow to the whole system. Laughter brightens the eye, increases the perspiration, expands the chest, forces the poisoned air from the least used lung cells and tends to restore that exquisite poise or balance which we call health and which results from the harmonious action of all the functions of the body. This delicate poise, which may be destroyed by a sleepless night, a piece of bad news, by grief or anxiety, is often wholly restored by a good hearty laugh. A jolly physician is often better than all his pills."—O. S. Marden.

A Pity It Is. In his old age Washington Irving said, "What a pity it is when we have grown old we could not turn round and grow young again and die of cutting our teeth!"

On Falling in Love. Falling in love is the one illogical adventure, the one thing of which we are tempted to think as supernatural, in our little and reasonable world. The effect is out of all proportion to the cause. Two persons, neither of them, it may be, very amiable or very beautiful, meet, speak a little and look a little into each other's eyes. That has been done a dozen or so of times in the experience of either with no great result. But on this occasion all is different. They fall at once into that state in which another person becomes to us the very gist and center point of God's creation and demolishes our laborious theories with a snuff; in which our ideas are so bound up with the one master thought that even the trivial cares of our own person become so many acts of devotion, and the love of life itself is translated into a wish to remain in the same world with so precious and desirable a fellow creature. And all the while their acquaintances look on in stupor and ask each other, with almost passionate emphasis, what so-and-so can see in that woman or such-a-one in that man? I am sure, gentlemen, I cannot tell you.—H. L. Stevenson.

Roquefort Cheese. Roquefort cheese is made in France from the milk of a certain breed of sheep, which are fed on wild thyme. Thyme is a kind of aromatic plant with a pungent odor, and after it is converted into Roquefort cheese it is the pungentiest thing known to man. After this cheese is made it is put in solitary confinement until its whiskers begin to turn gray and gangrene sets in, when it is taken out and chained to a post. Before it is served it is chloroformed or knocked in the head with an ax. It is then brought to the table in a little square sections about the size of a domino. It is served at the close of meals, together with black coffee. It usually has a running mate in the shape of a round cracker that has to be broken with a nail.

Roquefort cheese is of a dull white color, except in spots, where mortifica-

tion has set in. Some claim it to be inhabited, but this is not true. Even the lutreplid and mephitic microbes flee from it as we flee from a pestilence. We have seen Limburger cheese strong enough to shoulder a two bushel sack of wheat, but a piece of Roquefort the size of a dice can carry an election. Limburger is a rose geranium when compared with Roquefort. There is as much difference between them as there is between the purr of a kitten and the roar of a lion. A man who will eat it is an open sepulcher and should be quarantined or driven into the wilderness and never again allowed to look into the face of a human being.

Conard, the Whittler. Sam Conard, the whittling Scotch lad of Glasgow, wrought out many odd inventions with brain and jackknife, but they brought neither honor nor profit until he was consulted by Burns & McIvor, who wished to increase their facilities for carrying foreign mails. The model of a steamship which Sam whittled out for them was carefully copied for the first vessel of the great Conard line and became the standard type for all the magnificent ships since constructed by the firm. When Samuel Conard was knighted, he did not forget that he owed his honors and his wealth to conscientious whittling.—"Pushing to the Front."

Preaching in Labrador. An old missionary who had been many years in Labrador was at length compelled to return, his influence all gone and his mission entirely fruitless. A young man was appointed in his place, and before he went to his assignment he thought he would visit his venerable predecessor and learn from him the cause of his trouble in the land of icebergs. The old man received him very cordially.

"My venerable brother," said the young man, "I wish you to tell me the cause of your difficulty that I may avert a like failure."

"My young friend," said the old missionary, laying his hand on his brother's arm; "this was the rock I split on. I preached to those untamed savages a hell that was hot, and they rather liked the idea of going there. I think if you preach them a hell 50 degrees colder than Labrador you will drive them all to repentance."

The Wicked Do Not Laugh. The envious, wicked and malicious rarely laugh, because they are impregnated with bile and are therefore morose. The haughty, the vain and the awkward also laugh very little, for fear of losing their dignity. The Spanish people, proverbially grave, are a good example.—Louis Mann.

Speaking of Floods. A veteran of the war of 1801 had listened patiently to the very long story a youthful veteran of the Spanish war told. The account of hardships left him unmoved.

"Just after the Johnstown flood, my boy," said he, "there was a man in the next world who went about telling everybody how that Johnstown affair had sent him where he was."

"His listeners hung on his words—all of them, that is, except a quiet looking little man who seemed so little impressed that every time the Johnstown man got through he merely looked bored and said, 'Oh, shucks!'

"The Johnstown man got tired of it after awhile. It got on his nerves to have anybody act as if what happened at Johnstown wasn't of any importance. No matter how he told his story, the quiet looking little man merely said, 'Oh, shucks!'

"At last the Johnstown man spoke to a fellow who had been there a long time about it."

"Say," said he, "who is that little man who keeps saying, 'Shucks!'

"Who?" said the man who had been there a long time. "Do you mean the fellow over there? Why, his name's Noah."

Thoughts of Amiel. The more a man loves the more he must suffer.

Beauty refreshes and strengthens one like some miraculous food.

Love must always remain alluring and fascinating. As soon as the mystery is gone the attraction dies.

Generous Feelings. I do seem to be extraordinarily interested in a whole lot of arts and things that I have got nothing to do with. It is a part of my generous, liberal nature. I can't help it. I feel the same sort of charity to everybody that was manifested by a gentleman who arrived at home at 2 o'clock in the morning from the club and was feeling so perfectly satisfied with life, so happy and so comfortable, and there was his house weaving, weaving, weaving around. He watched his chance, and by and by when the steps got in his neighborhood he made a jump and climbed up and got on the portico.

And the house went on weaving and weaving, but he watched the door, and when it came around his way he plunged through it. He got to the stairs, and when he went up on all fours the house was so unsteady that he could hardly make his way, but at last he got to the top and raised his foot and put it on the top step. But only the toe hitched on the step, and he rolled down and fetched up on the bottom step, with his arms around the newel post, and he said, "God pity the poor sailors out at sea on a night like this."—Mark Twain.

Cash Better Than Time. "Have you a few moments to spare?" "Young man," said the capitalist severely, "my time is worth \$100 an hour, but I'll give you ten minutes."

"If it's all the same to you," thoughtfully replied the visitor, "I believe I would rather take it in cash."—Exchange.

Over There. "And, best of all," said the boastful American, "we have no titled aristocracy to support over here."

"No," replied the foreigner, "but you have a good many titled sons-in-law to support over there."—Judge.

There are some people who believe that the whole human race will be saved," said an old lady, "but for my part I hope for better things."

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE

Napoleon Unleashed a Vase, and the Treaty Was Signed.

Early in April, 1797, the people of Austria demanded peace with France. Negotiations were begun in the vicinity of Leoben. Napoleon, in an interview with the Austrian plenipotentiaries, said to them: "Your government has sent against me four armies without generals, and this time a general without an army." In the treaty which the Austrian commissioners projected the first article stipulated that the emperor of Austria thereby recognized the French republic. "Erase it!" exclaimed Napoleon. "The existence of the republic is as plain as the sun. This article is only fit for the blind. We are our own masters and shall establish any government we prefer. If one day the French people," he continued, "should wish to create a monarchy, the emperor might object that he had recognized a republic." The plenipotentiaries were soon settled, Napoleon signing for France, thus placing himself on an equal footing with the emperor of Austria. The formal treaty known as Campo Formio was signed in October, 1797, Austria fulfilling the pledges she had already given. The Austrian plenipotentiary protested against the distribution of the provinces beyond the Adige. Napoleon was angered at this, and, seizing a vase, dashed it to the ground, exclaiming, "It is not so arranged I will break your monarchy as I have broken this vase!" This argument of force, as demonstrated to the diplomat was convincing, and the treaty was signed.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

Don't Develop the Mind at the Expense of the Body.

The man or woman who would train the mental faculties without any reference to the physical shows a faulty qualification for the work in which he or she may be engaged. The mind may be ever so well trained and stored with knowledge of the books, but unless there is behind it a reasonably strong body life runs the risk of being a failure; if not that, an existence of pain that serves as a limitation upon its possibilities. It is a species of cruelty to educate the mind at the expense of the body. Better let a child grow up into manhood or womanhood with an inferior education than with a body weakened in the effort.

The fact that so many men in this country who have succeeded in business and in professional and public life have been the sons of farmers, whose early life has been spent out of doors, has been a subject of remark. May it not be accounted for on the ground that in their boyhood their physique was developed so that in after life, besides their mental acquirements, they had strong bodies with which to do the work they have so successfully performed? This is not only possible, but very probable.—Knoxville Journal.

A Stolen Trade Secret. The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tinware is simply thin sheet iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron. Dip the iron in a bath of boiling tin and remove it enveloped in the silvery metal to a place of cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult of arts. It was discovered in Holland and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried to discover the secret in vain until James Sherran, a Cornish miner, crossed the channel, insinuated himself surreptitiously into a tin plate manufactory, made himself master of the secret and brought it home.

Women and Jewelry. "Women know a great deal more about buying jewelry now than they knew twenty-five years ago," said a jeweler. "When I first started in the business a clerk with a persuasive tongue could talk a woman into buying most anything. It wasn't safe for her to step inside a shop unless she had a man along. Now the average woman knows more about jewels than the average man. Of course they can be fooled—anybody can—but as a rule she buys with a surprising knowledge of value, and her taste in the cutting and setting is excellent."—New York Post.

The Military Pope. Pope Julius II, who died in 1513, was the first pope to allow his beard to grow in order, it was said, to inspire greater respect among the faithful. He was called the military pope. When Michael Angelo was making his statue he said to him, "Holy father, shall I place a book in your hand?" "No," answered his holiness, "a sword rather. I know better how to handle it."

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ON and after Oct. 7, 1906, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 6.00, 8.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.15, 5.15 p. m. Return, 6.00, 8.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.15, 5.15 p. m. BOSTON, 6.00, 8.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.15, 5.15 p. m. NEWPORT, 6.00, 8.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.15, 5.15 p. m. BOSTON, 6.00, 8.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.15, 5.15 p. m. NEWPORT, 6.00, 8.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.15, 5.15 p. m. BOSTON, 6.00, 8.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.15, 5.15 p. m. NEWPORT, 6.00, 8.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.15, 5.15 p. m. BOSTON, 6.00, 8.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 1.15, 3.15

Sentence Sermons.

Sentence Sermons.

Success is a fine disregard for difficulties.

No man was ever convicted by scolding.

There is nothing resistless in the restless life.

Daily bread is not sweet without daily duty.

He only always is wise who ever is gaining wisdom.

An honest smile is worth ten million useless sermons.

The good we do is the best antidote to the ill we rue.

You cannot lift the world by pulling down your face.

Days are sacred in proportion as they serve high ends.

If your faith possesses your heart it will propel your feet.

The heart is dead when the smile of a child cannot stir its depths.

A hard and fast theology often leaves many hazy lives in morality.

Convince men of the love of men and they will believe the love of God.

You do not have much faith in your Father unless you have some in his family.

Is it strange that the heart is starved when we give it neither food nor meat-times?

No man can have a place in the kingdom of heaven who is complacent to the ills of earth.

Things do not prove themselves sacred by segregating themselves from secular concerns.

Heaven trusts no great cargo to the vessel that spreads its sails to every wind that blows.

When a man is getting fat out of the fall of others he is sure to be a warm advocate of their right to be free to fall.

Many a man will be surprised when he gets to heaven to find how large a place his little kindly deeds occupy in its history.

HENRY F. COPE.

Following Grammar.

Prof. Louislultry, discussing the question of simple English, said at Yale one afternoon:

"There was a little boy who began to keep a diary. His first entry was 'Got up this morning at seven o'clock. He showed the entry to his mother, and she, horror-stricken, said:

"'Haven't you never been to school? Got up, indeed! Does the sun get up? No, it rises!'"

"And she scratched out 'Got up at 7,' and wrote 'Rise at 7' in its place.

"That night the boy, before retiring, ended the entry for the day, with the sentence, 'Set at 8 o'clock.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Points About the Pulse.

The normal pulse has a wide range, but is always faster in females than males, and steadily declines from birth to death. Eminent physicians have thought it possible to tell a person's sex and age from the pulse alone.

The average rate at birth is 160 beats a minute in girls and 160 in boys; at the age of four or five, 110 and -100; in maidens and youths, 95 and 90; in mature women and men, 89 and 75, and in elderly women and men, 60 and 50. In one recorded case the pulse of a healthy man of eighty-seven was only 39 a minute.

The pulse varies with stature, position of body, exercise and health, and in disease it has been known to fall to 14 a minute.

Taking it Internally.

As he crept softly upstairs the clock struck 2.

"Where have you been, Alfred?" she asked quietly.

"At the office, taking stock," came the glib reply.

"I thought I smelt it," said his wife. —New York Press.

When You Are Praised.

When you are praised by a man for whom you cannot possibly do any favor and who, as you know, is aware of the fact, you may reasonably conclude that he isn't laying it on any too thick. —Chicago Record-Herald.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man in the suit of faded black, "but you are carrying all the life insurance you want?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man at the desk, I am."

"Could I interest you in a morocco bound edition of the works of William Makepeace Thackeray?"

"You could not."

"Don't you need a germproof filter at your house?"

"I do not."

"Would you invest in a good second hand typewriter if you could get it cheap?"

"I have no use for a typewriter."

"Just so. Would an offer to supply you with first-class imported Havana cigars at \$10 a hundred appeal to you?"

"Not a cent's worth."

"How would a proposition to sell you a Century Dictionary, slightly shelf worn, for only \$40 strike you?"

"It wouldn't come within forty miles of hitting me."

"That being the case," said the caller, "would you be willing to buy a 10 cent box of shoe polish to get rid of me?"

"Great Scott! Yes."

"Thanks. Good day." —Chicago Tribune.

During the recent lecture on the poor Jacob A. Rills, author of "How the Other Half Lives," said:

"The slums of New York, when I first knew them as a police reporter, were disheartening, indeed. To clean them seemed as hopeless as cleaning an Augean stable. It was like the case of a slum boy whom I heard the other day.

"'Jackie,' said the boy's mother, 'your face is fairly clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?'"

"'Wash!'" me face," and the boy."

The Simple One—Going away for our health! Why that is very sudden. Does your doctor recommend it?

The Wise One—No, my lawyer.—Luck.

CANTORIA.

The Kid You Never Forget

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature of the sender. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1907.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

2. John Corlies, b. Nov. 8, 1714; d. 1760; md. 24, 12 mo; 1734, Zilbuh Wilb (Wilbur) both of Shrewsbury, at house of James Tucker at Shrewsbury. (Friends records of Shrewsbury), she b. June 1714 and d. 1802.

3. Elizabeth Corlies, married 25; 7mo; 1735, Richard Fitch—Randolph of Woodbridge, N. J., at house of John Corlies (her father) of Shrewsbury. Her mother and father signed her wedding certificate after parents of groom, then Elizabeth and Nathaniel Fitch Randolph sign, then William Bruley, John Lippincott, Edward Lippincott, Jr., Robert Hartshorne, William Bruley, Jr., William Lippincott, John Corlies, Jr., Isaac Hance, Thomas Hadden, John Shaw, James Corlies, Mary Field, Margaret Hadden, Hugh Hartshorne, Jr. (ibid)

4. Samuel Corlies married Elizabeth Billa 1745; he made his will Dec. 22, 1748; she md. (2) 1749 Thomas Cox.

5. George Corlies, b. 1718; d. June 16, 1790, according to Providence Journal of Providence, R. I. of that date; md. Waitstill Rhodes, b. Feb. 18, 1722, daughter of William Rhodes and Mary (Sheldon), Nehemiah and Rachel (Mann) Sheldon, son of John Rhodes and first wife Waite (Waterman) daughter of Resolved and Mercy (Williams) her first husband, the daughter of Roger Williams and Mary Barnard, son of Zachariah Rhodes and Joanna Arnold, who married (2) Jan. 11, 1667, Samuel Reape; Joanna daughter of Gov. William Arnold and Christian Peak, son of Thomas Arnold and Ann Gully (John), son of Richard Arnold, son of Richard Arnold and Eunice Young, son of Thomas Arnold and Agnes daughter of Sir Richard Warrenstead, son of Roger Arnold and Joan Gamage, daughter of Sir Thomas Gamage and Matilda daughter of Sir John Denial.

Austia's Genl. Diet. p. 867 says: Waitstill's father, William Rhodes was Deputy 1731, 1735, 1737. Assistant 1745, 1746, 1747, and held the title of Captain until his death, Nov. 11, 1772. He made his will July 15, 1772. Proved Nov. 15, 1772; his wife Mary (Sheldon) d. Nov. 24, 1767, so no wife is mentioned in his will, to his son William he gives half the farm in Scituate, while Thomas Hazard dwells, being 7 acres and buildings; to his son Joseph he gives 60 acres in Scituate; to his son Nehemiah he gives farm and dwelling house on south of Pawtuxet River, two dwelling houses, coopers shop, still house, and privilege reserved for son Nehemiah of one of old wharf; to daughter Waitstill Corlies 400 Spanish milled dollars and half of a farm in Scituate; to daughter Eunice Hazard, half of a farm in Scituate and 200 dollars; and another farm till her son Thomas Hazard is of age; to grandson Joseph Rhodes half the house my son William dwells in; to granddaughter Mary Howell 10 pounds; to sons William and Nehemiah Rhodes 200 acres in Cumberland County, New York.

Children of Philip and Catherine (Webster) Edwards were:

138. Elizabeth Edwards, b. 25; 3; 1714; md. 22; 1736 William Folwell, of Chesterfield, N. J., in Friends Meeting House in Shrewsbury, N. J., and 3 mo.; 11; 1738, transferred from Shrewsbury Meeting to Burlington Meeting of Friends as their records. By will of her father made Feb. 26, 1753, as given in full in April 22, 1805 issue of MERCURY, Elizabeth received 5 shillings and a negro boy Johnny.

139. Abiah Edwards, b. 14; 4 mo; 1716; d. 28; 1723, in Shrewsbury, N. J.

140. Webley Edwards, b. 28; 3; 1718; md. 3; 1 mo; 1742 Margaret Woolley and had Stephen b. 1743; d. 1777; md. Abigail (Corlies) b. Mch. 2, 1744, and had Brillion Edwards, b. Oct. 2, 1772; d. Dec. 8, 1851; md. Jan. 26, 1793, Margaret (West) dau. Joseph and Deborah (Bloom) West Margaret b. Mch. 23, 1779 and d. Mch. 30, 1809.

Webley Edwards by will of his father had 5 shillings and all "my land lying westward of Long Branch Path, and one half of salt meadow on Goose Neck".

To be continued.

QUAKER FAMILIES OF R. I.

Continued.

GARDNER—George of North Kings-town R. I., m. Mary Reynolds. Leaving her husband in R. I., she with her three children Dorcas, Abner, and George, settled at the Friends' Colony at the New Jerusalem, Yates Co., N. Y. Was a valued member of the Society. She d. 1815, aged nearly 55. She was a sister of Martha Reynolds and of Mrs. Stephen Card.

Children of George and Mary:

1. Dorcas, b. 1770, m. Eleazar Ingraham Jr. Lived in Friends Settlement for some years, then moved to Pulney, where they d. in advanced years. Their children were: John; Abigail; Mary; George; Rhoda; Rachel; and Nancy.

2. Abner, b. 1718, m. 1814, Mary dau. of Rowland Champlin, b. Vermont, 1736, d. 1838. Hed. 1800, at Milo, N. Y. Their children were: Mary b. d. um 1839; aged 24; George W. b. 1817, m. Mary, dau. of Daniel Husted. He was Supervisor of Torry, where they resided. Children: Melville G.; Hannah; Charles; and Mary. Rowland J. b. 1821, m. Lydia, dau. of Henry Hunt, and Emma dau. of Stephen Bennett. Was a farmer lived on the Champlin homestead. Had three children, Rowland J.; Jonathan J. and Mary L. Abner, b. 1822, m. Sarah of dau. of John Stons of Milo. Lived on the paternal

homestead; had two children, Rowland J. and Abner E.

8. George, b. 1783, m. Lydia A. dau. of Peleg Gifford. Settled on farm adjoining his brother Abner's and there d. 1865, aged 82. His wife d. 1851, aged 59. Their children were Mary m. John Bartholomew of MPO and d. leaving three children, Celia, Lewis, and Sarah; Ruth m. Perry Bills moved to Ohio and one child, Abner m. Miss Warner, of Cohasset, where they settled. Had four children; Phoebe, who m. Peter French of Naples and d. leaving five children: George m. Angus Welker of Barrington, Yates Co. and Miss Denning of R. Two children by each marriage; Almira; Byron; Olyses G. and another. Lydia unmarried resided with her brother George.—L. B. C.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

6333. GARRETT—Who was the Richard Garrett, of Boston, Mass., who died Mar. 29, 1662?—A. F.

6334. SALE—Who was Alice, wife of Ephraim Sale, of Boston, Mass.? He died 1691, and she had died before that date.—A. F.

6335. LANE—Who was Mary, wife of William Lane, of Dorchester, Mass.? They had a son Thomas, born Mar. 8, 1663, and a son Ebenezer, b. Mar. 27, 1686.—L. M.

6336. FRENCH—Who was Hannah, wife of Stephen French, of Weymouth, Mass.? His sister Mary married Robert Randall. Would be glad for information concerning the family of Stephen. His will proved July 29, 1678.—L. M.

6337. FARR—Who was Rebecca, wife of Gibson Farr, of Boston, Mass.? In his will, 1720, he leaves to wife Rebecca, and to Lydia Tolman, his daughter. Would be glad for a list of their children, with dates of birth, marriage and death.—B. C.

6338. PADFORD—Who were the children of Judge Padford, of Taunton, Mass., whose daughter md. a son of Col. John Cooke, of the Revolutionary Army?—O. S.

6339. LEONARD—Would like list of children of Samuel Fales, of Taunton, who married Sarah, daughter of Col. John Cooke?—O. S.

6340. WHEELER—Who were the children of Lucius Wheeler, of Gloucester, R. I. who also married a daughter of Col. John Cooke?—C. S.

6341. ALSOP—Who was the father, and who was the wife of Joseph Alsop, who came from London, in 1635, married, 1647, Elizabeth, daughter of William Periton, of Boston, Mass.?—N. B.

6342. DANFORTH—What connection between the family of Christopher Gibson of Dorchester, whose will was proved 1674, and the family of Nicholas Danforth, of Cambridge, Mass., whose son Thomas is called cousin by above Christopher Gibson?—M. N.

ANSWERS.

1297. SMITH—My grandfather, Rev. Stephen Reussler Smith, made the following note for his biography, published in Boston, 1852. "The Hopkins, Wilkins and Harries... were near relatives... Stephen Hopkins (the signer)... was cousin-German of my grandfather" (John Smith).

He gives the same list of children of John Smith as does C. W. S. except that the order is different and the girl's name is stated as Sarah instead of Mercy.

Stephen Hopkins married as second wife, Ann Smith, who was the daughter of one Benjamin Smith and the widow of another. Both Stephen and Ann Smith Hopkins were fourth cousins, having a common great grandfather and grandmother, John Whipple and his wife. They may also have been otherwise related.

There seems to be no doubt that the John Smith of C. W. S.'s query belongs in the Smith family tabulated by John Osborn Austie in his Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island, page 378. The consanguinity which my grandfather mentions; ought to mean a first consanguinity by blood. In other words, one of John Smith's parents would be brother or sister of one of Stephen Hopkins's parents. Stephen Hopkins's parents were William Hopkins and Ruth Wilkinson, the consanguinity could not have been on the side of John Smith's father. Hence, his mother must have been either a Hopkins or a Wilkinson. But, the consanguinity may have been more distant or John Smith may have been consanguine to Stephen Hopkins, either through Ann Smith mentioned or through John Smith's wife, who was Sarah Hopkins, according to C. W. S.

I should be glad of more definite information.—A. L. B.

Middletown.

Mr. Wm. Clarence Peckham, who has been spending the past three months at Eustis, Florida, with his family, returned on Easter Sunday. His family will remain South until warmer weather. Mr. Peckham was accompanied by Messrs. Arthur L. and E. Marion Peckham who have been spending the past six weeks in the South.

Early potatoes were put in last week and several farmers have also been planting this week.

Rev. James A. Conover, of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., will be in charge at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on the following two Sundays during the absence of Mr. Utman and Mr. Griswold on their Easter vacations.

Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell is having improvements made on her cottage on Vandalia avenue.

Mr. Christopher S. Peckham's condition remains practically unchanged.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Henry Congdon who have given up their home on the East Main Road will reside with Mr. Congdon's daughter, Mrs. Scott Barker near Wyall Road.

The services on Easter Day at the various churches were very largely attended.

Rev. Harold H. Critchlow left on Monday to attend the New England Southern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in Fall River this week. His church will be closed on Sunday.

The auction of the Whitman property on Prospect avenue which was to have been held on Monday was de-

BIRD'S EYE.

The trial of the wood worker's life because of the thousand and one little knots or eyes the polling of one of which means the spoiling of a whole bureau top or drawer face, yet one of the most beautiful and attractive woods known. The cost of working this wood makes it as expensive as Mahogany. Here's a chance that even this opportunity-offering store doesn't possess every day.

Chiffonier

Graceful as a Lily, on its easy bending, French legs, with serpentine shaped divided top drawers and large bevelled plate mirror. Perfectly finished inside and out—\$5 more in any other store.

\$15.00

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To owners of Real Estate in Middletown and Portsmouth. We have occasional calls for property in this section. If you wish to dispose of yours kindly let us know.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

Box 3 COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.



PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET.

ferred until Friday morning owing to the severe storm.

The play "Valley Farm" was repeated at the Middletown Town Hall on Thursday evening before a very large audience; under the auspices of the Epworth League by the Portsmouth Dramatic Club, with a cast of 12 characters and 4 acts. The music was excellent, comprising piano duets and a piano solo by Mrs. John H. Peckham and Miss Sadie I. Peckham. Between the acts home-made candy was sold.

St. George's Church. Senior Warden—Peter King. Junior Warden—William S. Slocum. Assistant Junior Warden—John H. Mustard. Vestrymen—John H. Taylor, David H. Revere, James E. Leonard, Stewart Ritchie, James E. Wright, Charles A. Manchester, W. Fitzhugh Whitehouse, Willis C. Goodale, Arthur H. Dagnan, Lawrence G. Godbold. Secretary—William S. Slocum. Treasurer—Peter King. Auditor—John H. Mustard. Delegates to Diocesan Convention—Peter King, William S. Slocum, John H. Mustard, Arthur H. Dagnan. Substitutes—David B. Revere, Stewart Ritchie, Willis C. Goodale, John H. Taylor.

Jamestown.

The annual town meeting on Wednesday was one of the quietest in recent years. The only business transacted was the annual election of town officers, the financial business being postponed until the adjourned meeting on Saturday. There was a small attendance of voters and there was no opposition to the regular Republican nominees.

The officers elected were as follows: Moderator—Henry T. Knowles. Town Clerk—William S. Canwell. Town Council—1, John E. Hammond; 2, John E. Brayman; 3, William C. Watson; 4, Isaac H. Clarke; 5, W. B. Gill. Town Treasurer—Edwin G. Knowles. Town Auditor—William P. Champlin 2d, William H. Severance. Town Sergeant—L. Clinton Mosher. Assessor of Taxes for Three Years—Thomas C. Watson. Collector of Taxes—Harry S. Stubbs. Overseer of Poor—Elijah Anthony. School Committee for Three Years—George H. Carr. Town's Committee of Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company—1, Thomas G. Carr; 2, Charles E. Weedon; 3, John E. Watson.

Election of Officers.

Trinity Church.

Senior Warden—George Gordon King. Junior Warden—Thomas G. Brown. Vestrymen—Robert C. Conroy, William J. Cozzens, W. Mott Francis, Jeremiah L. Greene, William D. Sayer, J. Andrews Swan, Clarence A. Carr. Secretary and Treasurer—William J. Cozzens. Auditing Committee—Herbert Bliss, David M. Coggeshall, Powell Corzess. Trustees—George Gordon King, George Gordon King, W. Mott Francis, Clarence A. Carr, William H. Walcott, Thomas G. Brown. Substitutes—William H. Coffey, William D. Sayer, Herbert Bliss, Stephen H. Luce, William S. Sherman. Delegates to Convention—W. Mott Francis, William S. Sherman, Edward Griffith, William H. Walcott, George F. Bonnds. Substitutes—Herbert Bliss, Henry D. DeBelle, Henry W. Clarke. Sexton—William G. Schwarz.

Zabazkie Memorial Church.

Senior Warden—John G. Weaver. Junior Warden—Andrew K. McMahon. Vestrymen—John T. Hathaway, John Webster, Jacob Anderson, Augustus B. Swan, Herbert A. Scoville, Julia Burdick, John T. Hathaway. Secretary—Augustus B. Swan. Treasurer—Julius Burdick. Delegates to Diocesan Convention—Augustus B. Swan, Jack Lapoint, Hamilton Fish Webster, John T. Hathaway. Alternates—Julius Burdick, Jacob Anderson, John G. Weaver, John T. Delano, Jr. Delegates to Convention—Augustus B. Swan, John G. Weaver, John T. Delano, Jr. Alternates—Julius Burdick, Jacob Anderson, John G. Weaver, John T. Delano, Jr.

Emmanuel Church.

Senior Warden—John M. Taylor. Junior Warden—Andrew K. McMahon. Vestrymen—George W. Barlow, Robert H. McInlooh, George L. Logan, Joseph Pearson, William H. Young, John Mahan, Darlow

No. 142.		No. 146.	
REPORT		REPORT	
OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business March 22, 1907.		OF THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, March 22, 1907.	
RESOURCES.		RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$301,749.02	Loans and discounts	\$312,169.11
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	67.08	Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	2,025.35
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	110,000.00	U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
Banking houses, furniture and fixtures	12,000.00	Banking houses, furniture and fixtures	12,000.00
Due from National Banks (not to be regarded as cash)	2.19	Due from National Banks (not to be regarded as cash)	1,620.51
Due from State Banks and Bankers	203.92	Due from State Banks and Bankers	1,233.45
Due from approved reserve agents	15,007.35	Due from approved reserve agents	1,180.11
Exchanges for clearing houses	3,826.85	Exchanges for clearing houses	1,700.00
Notes of other National Banks	1,801.00	Notes of other National Banks	1,700.00
Franklin paper currency, nickels and cents	479.06	Franklin paper currency, nickels and cents	402.02
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	11,883.50	Specie	37,910.28
Legal-tender notes	10,000.00	Legal-tender notes	31,200.25
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,500.00	Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	6,000.00
Total	\$530,117.42	Total	\$530,004.57
LIABILITIES.		LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00	Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	50,000.00	Surplus fund	50,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	30,168.57	Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	10,014.49
National Bank notes outstanding	18,220.00	National Bank notes outstanding	18,220.00
Dividends unpaid	147.50	Dividends unpaid	147.50
Individual deposits subject to check	242,285.42	Individual deposits subject to check	242,285.42
Certified checks	8,920.25	Certified checks	8,920.25
Checkers checks outstanding	8,920.25	Checkers checks outstanding	8,920.25
Total	\$530,117.42	Total	\$530,004.57
STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, County of Newport, ss: I, Henry C. Stevens, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.		STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, County of Newport, ss: I, George H. Proulx, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.	
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of March, 1907.		Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of March, 1907.	
HAROLD A. CHASE, Notary Public.		GEORGE H. PROULX, Cashier.	
Correct—Attest: Henry Bull, Jr., Albert K. Sherman, G. P. Taylor, Directors.		Correct—Attest: Edward A. Brown, David Brattman, F. H. Coggeshall, Directors.	

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate, Providence, April 4, 1907.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled

"An Act to establish a Board of Examiners in Optometry."

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on THURSDAY, April 9, 1907, upon the rising of the Senate.

HENRY F. ANTHONY, Chairman.

JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk. 461w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate, Providence, April 4, 1907.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled

"An Act establishing a Harbor Line on the Easterly side of the Providence River."

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on THURSDAY, April 9th, 1907, upon the rising of the Senate.

HENRY F. ANTHONY, Chairman.

JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk. 461w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate, Providence, April 4, 1907.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled

"An Act in amendment of and in addition to Chapters 833, 1068, 1092, 1230 and 1261, of the General Laws relating to Shell Fisheries."

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on THURSDAY, April 9th, 1907, upon the rising of the Senate.

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STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate, Providence, April 4, 1907.

The Committee on Labor Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 234, entitled

"An Act to Prevent Discrimination Against Seekers of Employment."

In Committee Room 302, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, April 10, 1907, upon the rising of the House.

THOMAS F. KEARNEY, Acting Clerk. 461w

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